TV RADIO MIRROR

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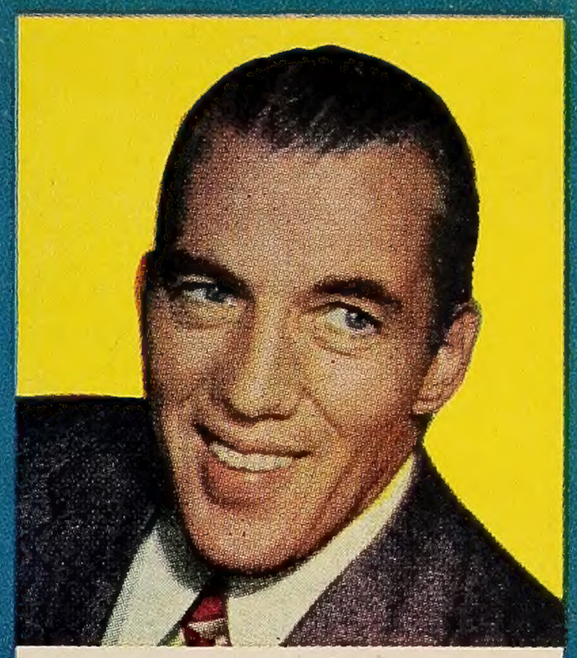
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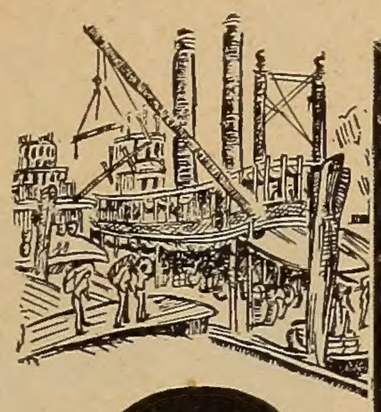
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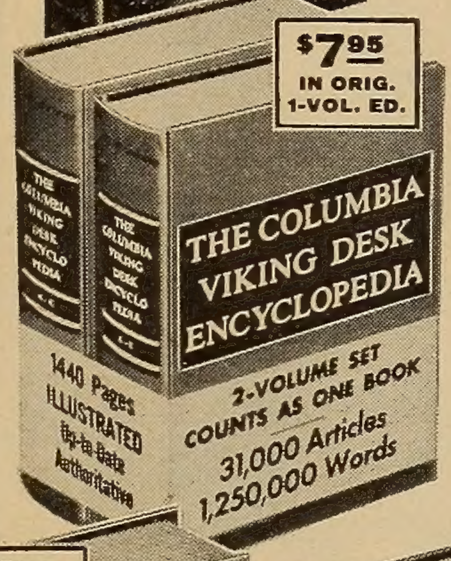




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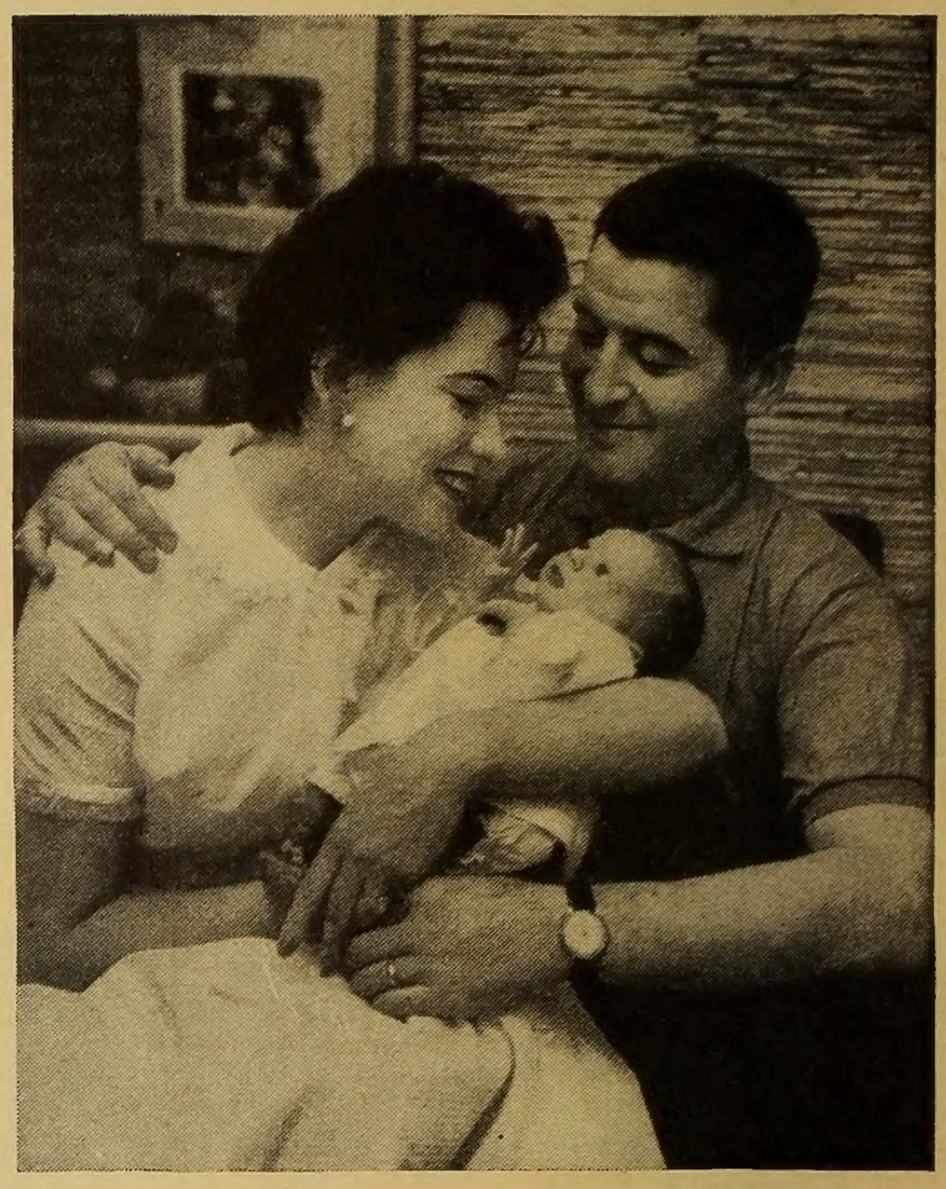
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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Schoolteacher Dorothy Olsen named that tune and hit the jackpot —a long-term pact for *Bandstand* with Skitch Henderson, Bert Parks.



When Peter, the pride of Candy and Hal March, grows up, he can see Dad's new movie as a TV oldie.



My million-dollar guy, says newlywed Lynn Dollar of husband Doug Rodgers.

Love, Anyone? Lovely Janette Davis is prettier than ever, wearing that diamond rock in the Tiffany setting. The lucky guy, Frank Musiello, is one of Godfrey's exec-producers. Frank and Jan have been working closely since she became producer of *Talent Scouts.* Matter of fact, they've had adjoining offices, but no one knew that Cupid was playing the office boy. Jan will get married without flourish and suddenly. "Right now," says Jan, "I'm just getting used to being engaged. It's such a wonderful feeling, I want to hang onto it for a while." . . . And Joyce Van Patten, who plays Janice Turner in *As The World Turns,* is likely any time to up and marry Marty Balsam, Gablish-looking actor who's been in such productions as "Middle of the Night," "Twelve Angry Men," "Waterfront," etc. Joyce, herself, is kind of wedded to the theater. Her mother, Jo Van Patten, is a theatrical agent, and her brother Dick has a featured part in TV's *Mama* series. Twenty-two-year-old Joyce has been honored with the Donaldson Award for Broadway performances. Presently, she is in the hit, "A Hole in the Head," as a sexy wench who unnerves Paul Douglas. This month, around Manhattan, she begins work in a new Paddy Chayefsky movie. Busy, yes, but about the time leaves begin turning, bells should be ringing for Marty and Joyce. . . . And should we mention that Tommy Sands and cute Ann Leonardo, both Californians, met in New York and then had dinner together? More than once. "Strictly social-business," Ann says and adds that her kind-of-steady boyfriend is a medical student from back home in Fresno. Tommy's semi-steady continues to be Molly Bee, which he has confirmed with a double-diamond friendship ring. (Note: Tommy will be twenty on August 27th. Bet he's married before he's twenty-one.)

Quick Passes: The new Art Carney comedy series has Art as a bachelor harried by mommy. . . . As stated before, Pat Boone does not give up easily. Father of three li'l gals, he's hoping the fourth, due late February, will be male. . . . TV's Paul Winchell, along with his sawdust cronies, has recorded a delightful new musical version of "Pinocchio" for Decca. . . . And Paul's close friend, Dennis James, is trying to sell a TV show titled, *What Makes You Tick?,* in

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 10

COAST

which studio viewers volunteer to undergo a series of questions and tests for bravery, intelligence, etc. . . . Good prospects for a regular Billy Graham TV show this season. . . . And good-looking Janet Blair negotiating to do specs since demise of Caesar show. . . . Terry O'Sullivan, Jan Miner's spouse, being considered for singing lead in Broadway musical. . . . And Jayne Meadows asks for plug for new Coral cooky by the McGuire Sisters, titled, "But I Haven't Got Him." Lyrics are by Jayne's husband, Steve Allen. Who's him?

Bashful Buster: He's got curly brown hair, baby-blue eyes and he's Casey Tibbs, 27-year-old world's champion bronco-buster. Casey stars in General Mills' big televised rodeo over CBS-TV on September 14th. A shy bachelor, Casey, since the age of ten, has been taming colts that act as if they're full of Sugar Jets. He has earned over $250,000 in prize money which he has put into Lincoln automobiles and joyful living. He played himself opposite Brandon de Wilde on *Screen Directors' Playhouse,* was so good that he was called back to make a pilot film for a new TV series, *Indian Scout.* With a past that includes ten broken ribs, a thrice-cracked ankle, fractured jaw and mangled shoulder ligament, Casey is getting ready to settle down. He bought himself a ranch of seven thousand acres (kind of garden-size) for a beginning at Mission Ridge, South Dakota, and is lacking only a hausfrau. So case Casey and remember he's very shy.

Million-dollar Guy: Lynn Dollar, beautiful hostess on *$64,000 Question* and Weather Gal for New York's WRCA-TV, was reported around town with Vic Mature, Pete Forestall, Vince Scully, etc., but turned tables on them all and married Doug Rodgers on July 14. Doug, an actor, has worked on *Matinee Theater, Cheyenne.* Says Lynn, "He is a million-dollar guy—tall, dark, very handsome and very talented." Doug has a six-three physique that was voted the best in his graduating class at Annapolis. Since leaving the Navy, Doug has worked as radio and TV producer and director, then played a lead in "Plain and Fancy." He began courting Lynn better than a year ago. Says Lynn, "We knew we were serious when we began to speculate about the kind of kids we might have since both of us have Indian blood. Doug's is Penobscot and mine's Sioux." Lynn,

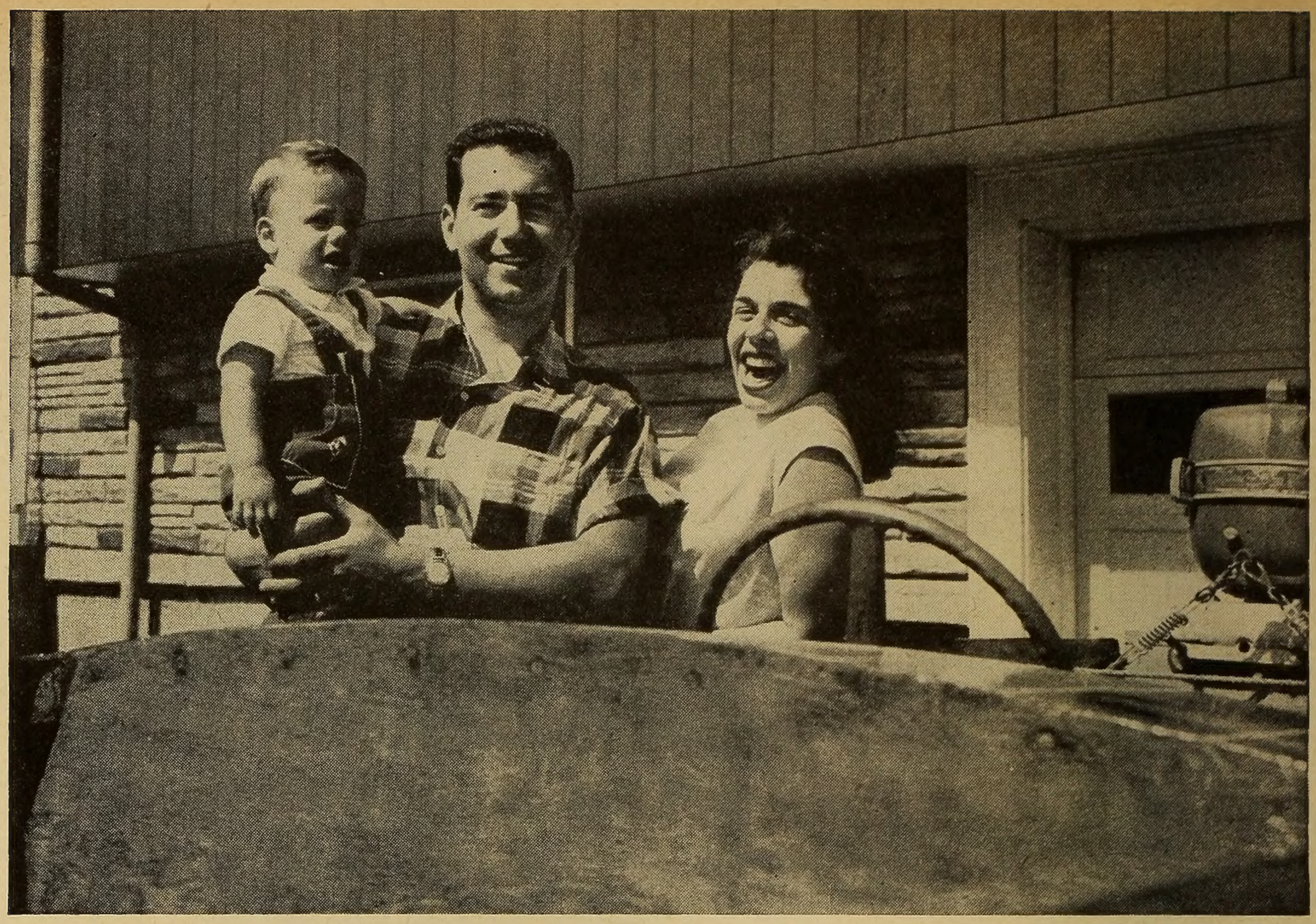


Songbird Janette Davis, now *Talent Scouts* producer, only had to look as far as an adjoining office to find romance with Frank Musiello, who's a Godfreyite, too.

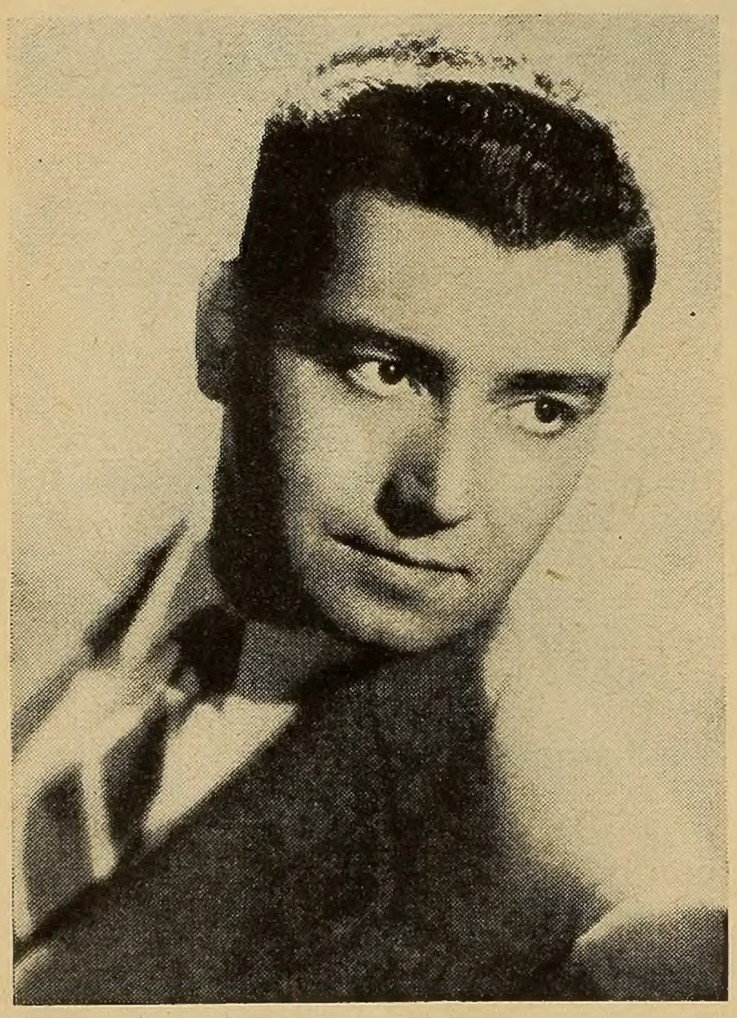
born Florence Anderson, has two ambitions—to be an Arlene Francis-type femcee and make a good home. "I like informality and will furnish in 'early nothing'!" And she wants babies. "Children don't interfere much with a TV career," she notes. "All you have to do is raise the camera and no one but the studio crew knows that you're pregnant."

Summer Stew: Barry Sullivan got himself a good way to make a living. Barry stars in the prime new series, *Harbourmaster,* which replaces Bob Cummings' show on NBC-TV next month, with R. J. Reynolds as sponsor. The sequences are being shot off the beautiful coast of Gloucester, Mass., on a 30-foot boat. . . . And, speaking of making hay in the sunshine, Victor Borge bought himself a piece of Denmark that includes a castle and 15,000 apple trees. Meanwhile, at his Connecticut poultry farm, he has developed a new product called "Mink's Mix." It's an animal food and, if you can't afford to buy a mink stole, you might consider buying Victor's product and do-it-yourself. . . . Madeleine Carroll returns from her Spanish castle end of this month and goes live again on NBC's *Affairs Of Dr. Gentry.* She bought her castle during the Spanish Civil War and everyone thought she was crazy, expecting the government would confiscate it, but they didn't. Every summer she and her husband spend six weeks in the castle. Her moat is a mere two-and-a-half miles of Mediterranean.

That Jones Boy: Dean of the Jones Boys, M-G-M recording and movie artist, is a test case. He's their first star to get a video build-up and M-G-M has contracted with NBC for Dean to make a half-dozen appearances this year. That accounts for his guesting with Dinah and Steve. Ed Sullivan first tried to get Dean, but then M-G-M was nixing TV. Visiting Manhattan, Dean talked frankly about why he gave up the ministry. "I didn't feel that I had the call. I enjoyed preaching as a lay minister. I would have been the seventh generation of preachers, but I couldn't feel fervent about it. It was really singing that I wanted to do." Dean, tall and handsome, is prime star material. You have seen or can see him in the films "Tea and Sympathy," "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" and, (*Continued on page* 7)



Three to make merry—Steven, Norm and Joan—the Tulins build boats and, come summer, sail 'em.



Anyone who knows beans about Boston knows that WORL's Norm Tulin is tops

SPINNING AROUND

THE BOSS thinks I'm a wit," shrugs Norm Tulin, "and who's to argue with the boss?" Nobody argues—least of all the pleased-as-punch Pilgrims who tune in to Norm daily from 6 to 9 A.M. on Boston's Station WORL. They get an earful of the aforementioned "wit," as well as what Norm calls "music to needle the noodle." This is perhaps best explained as "standards" or the new instrumentals by the bands of Count Basie, Dick Maltby, Ralph Marterie, Percy Faith and Hugo Winterhalter. When words are put to the music, Norm likes them sung by Frank Sinatra, Kay Starr or Patti Page. He's also receptive to the newer sounds being made by such groups as the Hi-Lo's and the Conley Graves Trio. . . . Norm's work never becomes "humdrum" to him—or his listeners. He was the first deejay to do an international record hop. Norm accomplished this when a small Piper Clipper flew him, his records, and Jerry Vale to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to do the first record hop at the Dalhousie University gymnasium. In the same Piper Clipper, Norm did the first record hop from an airplane. This was last July, when he broadcast from the plane, buzzing the beaches of Cape Cod and answering record requests written out on the sand. . . . Norm's career may find him flying high now, but it all began with his feet firmly planted on a platform at an American Legion Oratorical Contest which Norm won when he was a high-school senior in Hartford, Connecticut. This was the "spark," says Norm, who went on from there to major in speech at Emerson College. He won an A.B. degree in 1951, then spent two years with the Army Signal Corps. In Korea, he was officer-in-charge of Radio Seoul. . . . While at Emerson College, Norm attended a sociology class and heard a pretty speech-therapy major deliver a lecture on the male animal. Happy to find someone who understood him, and also looked that good, Norm married Joan three years ago. They have an heir named Steven Randy, and Norm reports that he inherits Joan's good looks and that the timbre of his one-year-old wail is appreciated by everyone in their Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts neighborhood. The Tulins have a seven-room, split-level ranch house and Norm has been spending much of his spare time finishing off the pine-paneled basement play-room. When not thus engaged, his hobby is building small speedboats and sailing larger sailboats. On land, on the sea or in the air, Norm Tulin is undeniably a wit. So who's arguing?

WHAT'S NEW—EAST

(*Continued from page 5*)

to come, "The Boy Friend." His latest M-G-M recording, an exciting one, is the theme from the movie, "Gunsight Ridge," and it is Dean you also hear on the soundtrack. Dean has a very beautiful wife, a runner-up for title of Miss California, and two very young daughters. While traveling, Dean writes home daily. He says, openly, "I write every day because I can't afford long-distance phone calls. Everything is so expensive I've got to be thrifty in some ways."

Mr. M & Mr. M: Hal and Garry are two of the nicest guys in the business. Both are old acquaintances from California Gold Rush Days when Mr. Moore teamed with Durante and Mr. March with Sweeney. Every once in a while, their paths cross. For example, Garry turned down *$64,000 Question* before Hal even auditioned for the show. Garry was doing so well with the morning stanza that he didn't feel he needed the quiz. Hal, however, was just making the transition from radio to TV. *$64,000 Etc.* fit him like a glove and, just being himself, he was an overnight sensation. This month, Hal returns from Hollywood after making a movie, "Hear Me Good," and he will sub for Garry all of August as emcee of *I've Got A Secret,* in addition to doing *$64, etc.* Hal moves into his rented home in New Rochelle and is delighted to get back. He wasn't very pleased to be separated from Candy just a couple of weeks after his first baby arrived. The baby, Peter Lindsey, delivered by *$64,000*-winner Dr. Francis Salvatore, weighed in at five pounds and thirteen ounces. Hal was so thrilled he presented Candy with an unusual gold charm. It is a gold carving of Candy holding the baby in her arms. The charm is circled with freshwater pearls and inscribed, "Darling, we love you and thank you, Peter and Daddy."

Clipping Along: Como's big problem on vacation is keeping his weight down. . . . Perry's sub, Julie La Rosa, keeps his black Caddy purring at the stage door so he and Rory can head out to his parents' beach home. . . . Milton Berle wants $52,000 for his new half-hour comedy series. That's $52,000 for each week's episode. . . . Patti Page gets $30,000 a week to spend for singers on *The Big Record* when it preems next month. . . . Hal Holbrook, who plays Grayling Dennis of *The Brighter Day,* journeys to Hannibal, Missouri, late this month to do his famed impersonation of Mark Twain on Tom Sawyer Day. . . . Wonderful success story is that of Dorothy Olsen, schoolteacher and *Name That Tune* winner in 1955. With no pro experience, she cut a couple kid records for RCA Victor, made appearances on *Ding Dong School,* then, this past spring, joined Skitch Henderson and Bert Parks on NBC's *Bandstand.* She has so ingratiated herself with the public that, this June, NBC gave her a long-term contract. "And with so little fanfare," she says. "I just got a phone call and was told, 'You've been with us since March and we'd like to keep you around and want to negotiate a year's contract with you.'" And that's how success came to Dorothy Olsen.

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One word from Fred and the mail pours in. Promoting a clock-radio giveaway, he heard from some 75,000 listeners.



Politicos or performers, Fred has shared his mike with most of them. Here, he chats with actor-singer Tab Hunter.

He snubs the idea of a smash success, but Fred Fiske of WWDC has gone

From Borsht to Caviar

WHEN Dame Fortune winked a mascaraed eye, Fred Fiske played hard to get. "I don't want to be a smash success," Fred announced when he was promoted to his own deejay shows on Washington's Station WWDC. "I merely want to be a pleasant guy to be with every day. There are guys in radio and television who are great big hits. Then they die. I'd rather be the guy who lasts." . . . That was three years ago and Fred seems to have had it both ways—in a lasting success. He's heard Monday through Saturday from 10 to noon on *The Fred Fiske Show* and from 1 to 4 P.M. on *Club 1260*. For the time periods he's on, he's rated Number One deejay in the capital and he's rated, too, in Pulse's Top Ten Daytime Shows. . . . Fred's earliest ambition was to be a schoolteacher and he believes he hasn't strayed very far afield. "The kids listen to their favorite platter spinners more and for longer hours than they listen to their teachers," he explains. "And, by indirection, a radio performer must help mold the personality of the younger generation." . . . Fred has made the full circuit from borsht to caviar, with a stopover at the martini avenue known as Madison. At thirty-six, he's an "old timer" in show business. He got an early start when, at the age of fifteen, he took a summer job as a stagehand in a Catskill Mountain resort. Before the month was out, he was on stage as a straight man to such young and "unknown" comics as Danny Kaye, Red Buttons, Henny Youngman and Gene Baylos, all of whom were working for eats and experience. Actors have to be versatile in the Borsht Belt and the teen-age Fred also found himself playing an Army general in a production of Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead." . . . At summer's end, he combined studies at Brooklyn's Lincoln High School with roles in such daytime dramas as *Young Dr. Malone,*



Teenagers crowded the studio to celebrate Fred's sixth birthday on WWDC. He has an Old Timers Club, too.



If this be success, then Fred, his wife Ruth and young piggy-back riders Peggy and Warren make the most of it.

Perry Mason and *Just Plain Bill.* He continued his radio work while he earned a B.A. in Speech and Education at Brooklyn College. After service in the Air Force, he taught speech at his old alma mater, Lincoln High, earned an M.A. in Speech at Columbia University's Teachers College, and returned to radio. It was the time when "returning veteran" plays were all over the dial and Fred played these roles on many of the top shows. When the vogue died out, Fred found that he was typed. He decided to stay out of drama until producers could forget him as a "returning veteran." . . . He landed a radio job in Lexington, Kentucky, and was returning from there to New York in 1947 when he stopped off in Washington for one day. "Just for kicks," he took auditions at three stations and found himself with three job offers as an announcer. He took the one with WOL and, when WWDC purchased that station's operation, he and morning-man Art Brown were the only two personalities they kept on. Fred was heard on *Reporters' Roundup,* mangled the English language as the *Capitol Hillbilly,* and then launched his record shows. . . . Much in demand as an emcee and toastmaster, Fred avoids commercial events and appears free of charge at legitimate public service and civic functions. "I make my living through radio," he says, "and it would be indecent to charge people who are kind to me." . . . Fred and his wife Ruth have two children, Peggy, 3, and Warren, 2. Peggy's the first to react to her father's occupation and can be heard explaining to playmates "how Daddy fits into the radio in the car." Striking proof of Fred's "success" is the Fiskes' brick Colonial home in Chevy Chase, Maryland. The house features five bedrooms and an equal number of baths. Grins Fred, "Brooklyn was never like this."



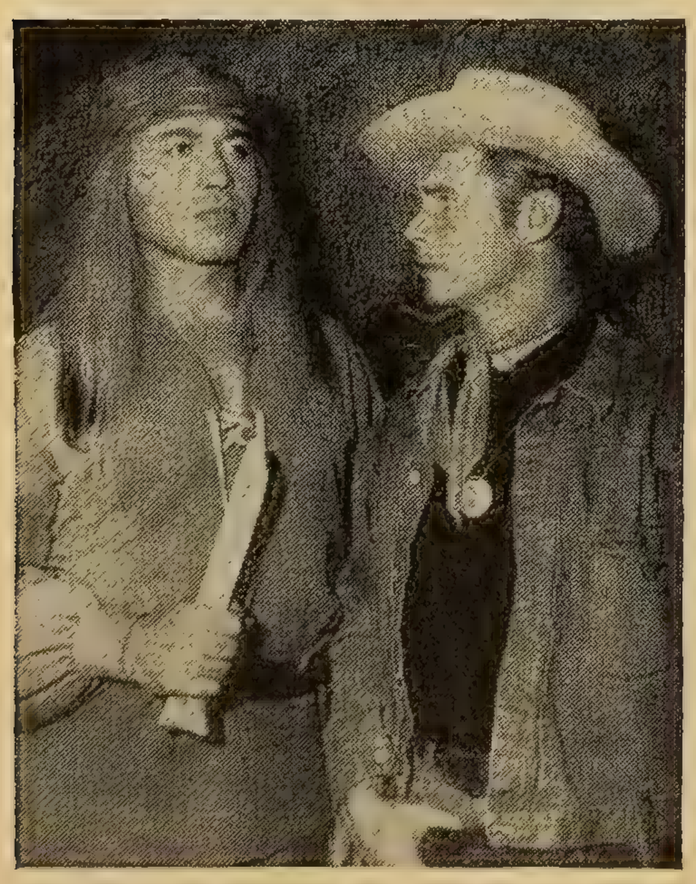
WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST



Lassie meets Jon Provost, a seven-year-old "veteran" who'll join show.



Ernie and Betty Ford enjoy a night out just before pop got the measles!



For fan-clubbers, the arrow wasn't Michael Ansara's *or* John Lupton's.

By BUD GOODE

News Beat: Molly Bee, 17-year-old, plays her first love scene with handsome young Rod McKuen in Universal-International's "Summer Love." Is it summer love? When Tommy Sands returned after four weeks of knocking 'em dead at New York's Roxy Theater, he gave Molly a "friendship" ring. She wears it on the pinky of her left hand. "Friendship Ring," a good title for a love song? . . . Speaking of singing, Hugh O'Brian has recorded his first album for the ABC-Paramount label, "Wyatt Earp Sings." After the session, Hugh was nervous, didn't like the way he sounded. But press agent Joe Hoenig says, "Wyatt, I mean Hugh, is really good. I was pleasantly surprised." Actor-dancer-singer O'Brian can now be billed as the baritone with the fastest draw. . . . For the first time in fifteen years, Eve Arden changed the color of her hair--to red. It's for her new video series, which of course is in black and white.

On the Links: Art Linkletter's son Jack has set the date, December 21, when he and young UCLA physical-education major, Bobbie Hughes, will wed. Meantime, Jack is continuing on his dad's CBS-TV and Radio *House Party* show, Bobbie coaches the kids at Griffith Park, and both are in Prof. Peterson's marriage class. . . . Art recently returned from his vacation and trip to the Far East. While in Japan he and Lois didn't stay at the more standard tourist hotel. Instead, they picked a small Japanese hotel where the custom is to remove shoes when entering the lobby. Practical-minded Art took the idea home—three pairs of shoes belonging to the three youngest Links—Robert, Sharon and Dianne—now rest on the back porch. Says Art, "Keeps the carpet clean." . . . Next season, Art, with producer John Guedel, will do six specs for CBS, to be called "People and Places." One will deal with all those wonderful millionaires down Dallas way. Which reminds Art of the gag about the poor Texan who owned only 30 acres—the heart of Houston.

Doctors' Dilemmas: Concussion is not the title of a new TV series, but a near-tragedy for pretty Kathy Nolan who appears in the new ABC-TV series, *The Real McCoys.* While filming one of the shows with star Walter Brennan, Kathy made a hasty exit, ran into a prop door, found it was the real McCoy. Kathy's pretty head hit the concrete floor with a loud crash. She spent the next ten days at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Happy to report, Kathy is back on the job—with a healthy respect for all "prop" doors. . . . Tennessee Ernie thought his young son Buck was about to catch the measles from younger son Brion. To lessen the impact of each little measle, Ernie and wife Betty took Buck to the doctor for a shot of gamma globulin. Buck howled; but it was worth it—he never broke out. Just before his vacation—Ernie did.

Cupid's Unbroken Arrow: Hugh O'Brian publishes a *Wyatt Earp* newspaper avidly read by his fans. Each issue contains a rundown on some other Western star. Recently, features have appeared about Clint *Cheyenne* Walker and John Lupton, star of *Broken Arrow.* Somehow, as a result of the Lupton story, the president of his fan club, Roy St. John, met the president of Hugh O'Brian's fan club, Irene Jackson. They found they had much more in common than fan club presidencies and, after a brief courtship, were married! Seems Cupid shoots straight, too. . . . Speaking of John Lupton, he and his wife Anne are about to buy their first home in picturesque Mandeville Canyon. What's holding them back? The baby-sitter problem. In their present apartment, neighbor Beverly Garland has developed into an ace, number-one sitter and they're reluctant to give her up. Recently, John and Anne celebrated their first wedding anniversary, combined with the celebration of their first night out since Rollin was born. Naturally, Beverly was the sitter. Everybody had a ball, including Beverly, who dearly loves little Rollin and who would hate to see the Luptons move. Answer to the moving problem: Beverly will be buying a lot in Mandeville Canyon.

Business and Pleasure: Tony Curtis, bearded for a movie role, visited London's Palladium to congratulate Eddie Fisher on his third triumphant return there. Eddie and spouse Debbie Reynolds subsequently toured Europe on a talent search for musical artists and novelties for his hour-long NBC-TV show this fall. One of the big prizes they've come up with is Dickie Valentine, a very popular British singer. . . . Lawrence Welk went to England and the Continent, where he'll do some thinking about bringing back a new show called *Music For Teenagers,* and the details for an international dance contest—with winners to come to his Aragon Ballroom for a dance-off. If this international idea is as successful as his Saturday-night waltz contests, he could help raise the iron curtain in three-quarter time. . . . David Niven also in Europe, combining vacation with a role in the film "Bonjour Tristesse." Then it's back to join Jane Powell, Charles Boyer, Robert Ryan and Jack Lemmon in the new half-



In London, bearded Tony Curtis visits Eddie Fisher and Dickie Valentine, a singer Eddie will import for fall TV.

hour *Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse,* or should we say "Five-Star Theater"?

Casting: Hundreds of youngsters were auditioned before seven-year-old Jon Provost was chosen to play the role of "Timmy," a new character to be introduced in the fall *Lassie* series. Blond and blue-eyed, Jon is forty-four inches tall and weighs thirty-nine pounds. His four months in Japan recently marked the completion of his tenth movie role. Continuing in the *Lassie* cast are fourteen-year-old Tommy Rettig, Jan Clayton and George Cleveland. But, after the first thirteen episodes, Tommy and Jan will probably be retired for a new set of characters built around young Jon. Lassie, of course, remains. . . . Elvis Presley casts Dean Martin as his favorite singer; Dean Martin says Sinatra is his favorite singer; Sinatra says Pat Boone is the best of the new crop; and Boone likes Presley. They go round 'n' round, but where's Como?

Incidental Intelligence: Dinah Shore was a star fencer at Vanderbilt University. Dinah goes to the Akron Soapbox Derby this summer. Does she expect a Chevrolet to win? Meanwhile, back at her new home, Dinah is building in a rehearsal hall—so she can be closer to her children while working on the series of 20 shows she has planned for next season. . . . When maestro Lawrence Welk wanted to find out what little Janet Lennon wanted for her birthday, he asked Alice Lon to see if she could cadge the answer, quote, ". . . without being *snoopish.*" . . . The Thalians, a group of young Hollywood people taken from all the industry trades, have joined together to see what they can do to help the mentally ill, especially children. Under the guidance of the newly-elected president, Debbie Reynolds, vice-president Buddy Bregman, and secretary Sammy Davis, Jr., they recently voted $5,000 of their hard-earned money to help disturbed children at Halfway House. That's the heart of Hollywood.

For What's New On The East Coast See Page 4

DAZZLING DISCOVERY



NEW..ALL NEW CUTEX

Brilliant as diamonds ✕ radiant as rubies
this amazing NEW FORMULA that wears
longest of any nail polish at any price!

Now! An exclusive "jewel-smooth" finish that completely resists chipping, peeling. Based on a fabulous new formula made with miracle Enamelon, new Cutex is the longest wearing nail polish ever known!

Applies in a flash! New all-nylon brush applies smoothly, evenly. You get a perfect manicure in minutes.

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Discover dazzling color clarity . . . in a variety of shades that rival the crown jewels! Try new Cutex today!



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World's Largest-Selling Manicure Aids.

Why pay more? 33¢ and 19¢

T V R

THE RECORD PLAYERS

This space rotates among
Gene Stuart of WAVZ,
Art Pallan of KDKA,
Bill Mayer of WRCV
and Al "Jazzbo" Collins
of WRCA and NBC



Here's how Ambassador Satch looks on Columbia album of the same name. Above—it's me, sans beard.



Ambassador SATCH

By AL COLLINS

Al: Well, now, The Man is here. We're saluting the great Louis Armstrong—lately of New Orleans and a little later of the entire world—on his fortieth anniversary in show business and music business. Louis, do you remember the first time that you knew music had a message for you?
Louis: Well I remember 'way early back when we used to sing in the quartets. We used to go two by two, singing—and somebody would call us and pass the hat. In 1915, a kid pulling a dollar and a half the night, he was making some money!
Al: How about your first cornet job?
Louis: That was in a honky-tonk. The cornet was one of the old beat-up ones . . . got out of a pawnshop. And the cornet man didn't show up. You know, in those days, a cat'd liable to wake up and can't get up! So they said, go get that li'l old boy out there to blow here. I had just come out of the orphanage and I had been taking music there. I had a brass band and we use to play on Sundays for the boys to march to church. I'd play "The Saints."
Al: About your tour . . . when was the first time you had a European job?
Louis: First time? 1952.
Al: And how has it changed?
Louis: Well, you know, them wars kind of tore up things a little over there and none of the countries is the same. But they're still jumping.
Al: They said in the papers, Louis, that your job of spreading the American word was more effective than some of the money they've spent on envoys and ambassadors, that you got the people on a level that had not been reached before. And you said that if you could get into Russia, you'd thaw some of the cats out . . .
Louis: Them Russians, they can swing. What about "Otchi Tchorniya"?
Al: "Dark Eyes." Yeah!
Louis: You take all the Russian dances, all that music . . . Those cats used to dance years ago here at the Russian Bear. Swing? Man!
Al: Just a matter of time, isn't it?
Louis: Anywhere, over there, you'll find musicians swinging, man. Down in Africa, them cats was wailing.
Al: That's from 'way back.
Louis: Nine tribes danced for us and none of them missed a beat. They had us play to see if they'd react to our music.
Al: And they got the message?
Louis: An old man about 110 years came out there, swinging there, with a shawl around him, man. And Lucille, my wife, couldn't stand it any longer. She went out there and wailed with him.
Al: They use the phrase over here about sending a message with the music. Over there, they really do.
Louis: Well, to me, I think they sent that message years ago.
Al: A lot of people like that picture on the "Ambassador Satch" album for Columbia.
Louis: I dig it myself. It reminds me of when we used to play in New Orleans. Always in style.
Al: Sure, got to go first class. Well, listen, Louis, what are your reflections about rock 'n' roll and skiffle?
Louis: It looks like every style they get, they go back and get it. I mean, look how long the skiffle was played. They used to do those little chittlin' rags in Chicago.
Al: What is skiffle? What's the word?
Louis: It's kind of a shout thing. You play it in house rent-parties, you know. And then, the rock 'n' roll, that came from the sanctified churches.
Al: Yes, I can hear the same accent.
Louis: So, lots of times you hear music, you know, just don't worry what it is so long as it sounds good.
Al: Somebody once said "folk music" to you, Louis, and you're supposed to have said, "Why, daddy, I don't know any other kind of music but folk music. I ain't never heard a horse sing a song."
Louis: I might have said that.
Al: Louis, I sure hope that you're going to be able to go on for forty more years. How do you feel about the past?
Louis: Well, I appreciate the past. But the future ain't doing so bad.
Al: That's right. Do you have any plans for retirement?
Louis: Well, no, you don't retire in music. You just put the horn down when you can't play no more, that's all. But as long as the horn ain't hurting me and I ain't hurting it . . . I mean, I'm my own public. I hear that horn every night.
Al: And you want to hear it . . .
Louis: As long as the sound is there.

T V R

Jazzbo's on *Monitor*, Sat., 8 to midnight, over NBC Radio and on *The Al Collins Show*, Mon.-Fri., 4 to 6 P.M., over New York's WRCA.

information booth



William Russell



Darlene Gillespie

Round-Table Revival

Please write something about William Russell, who stars in Sir Lancelot *on TV.*
C. K., Mocanaqua, Pa.

Breathing "the spirit of the young, the vibrant and the contemporary" into the shadowy fact and fable of Arthurian legend, is William Russell. The handsome, blue-eyed Britisher who stars as *Sir Lancelot* feels right at home at Arthur's Table and hopes this filming of the knight's chivalrous deeds has provided audiences with a sort of viewer's Baedeker to the highways and byways of Old England. . . . Lancelot, Russ says, is "a charming character, very light and gay without being sugary"—which brings us full circle to Russ, who's very much like that himself. . . . Born in Sunderland, England, in 1924, Russ made his stage debut at eight, playing another Lancelot (Shakespeare's beloved clown, Lancelot Gobbo, in "The Merchant of Venice"). His work at Fettes University, where he was considered a theatrical prodigy, led directly to early admission to Oxford—a singular honor. From 1942 till '47 he was with the RAF and it was not until 1946, while stationed at Lydda, Israel, that he could get around to stage business. As base entertainment officer, he produced shows and films, one of which depicted King Arthur and Sir L. In '47, Russ returned to Oxford, produced and acted in many plays and got an M.A. in English Literature. A series of valuable repertory jobs prepared him for his big break—a starring role in the Lewis Milestone film, "They Who Dare." The *Lancelot* series was to follow a number of important portrayals in radio, TV, films and on stage. . . . Russ is happily married to Balbina, the fiery French actress he met while on location in Cyprus. They plan a family, "eventually," have just finished decorating—in "Eighteenth Century," be it known—their "rather poetic" Regency house in Hempstead.

Mouseketeer Pals

In a recent story on Annette Funicello, the name of Darlene Gillespie was inadvertently omitted from the list of Annette's friends among the talented *Mickey Mouse Club* regulars. Of her fellow Mouseketeers, Annette declares, "They are *all* my favorite friends." For the many Darlene Gillespie fans who protested the omission of her name, we are glad to give you here a picture of Darlene, with the promise of a story about her before too many months go by.

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—*not* to TV Radio Mirror.

Club executives, please note: If you have requested a TV Radio Mirror listing and it has not appeared as yet, please bear with us. We have, at present, an enormous backlog of such requests. If your club is still active, won't you drop a card and tell us so? We'll do our best to list you. Please! Bona fide clubs, only.

The Four Preps Fan Club, c/o Judy Ross, 6119 Longridge, Van Nuys, Calif.

Ricky Nelson Fan Club, c/o Ray Gillie, 3737 Roselawn Road, Cleveland 22, Ohio.

Teal Ames Fan Club, c/o Sandra Cons, 4925 Plamondon Ave., Montreal, Quebec.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, *205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.*



When an easy-going Dad gets cranky...



let MILES® NERVINE help him relax!

After a hectic day with its little complications, your husband may come home a bit cranky—too tense to relax. Next time, suggest MILES NERVINE—to help him relax, to feel his best again. MILES NERVINE gently, yet effectively soothes nervous tension to help busy men and women feel calm and serene. And with no listless, dulling after-effect!

Try MILES NERVINE also, when too restless to sleep at night. MILES NERVINE relaxes you and lets you sleep —*naturally.* Follow the label—avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE has a long record of satisfaction in use—sold at any drugstore in effervescent tablets and liquid.

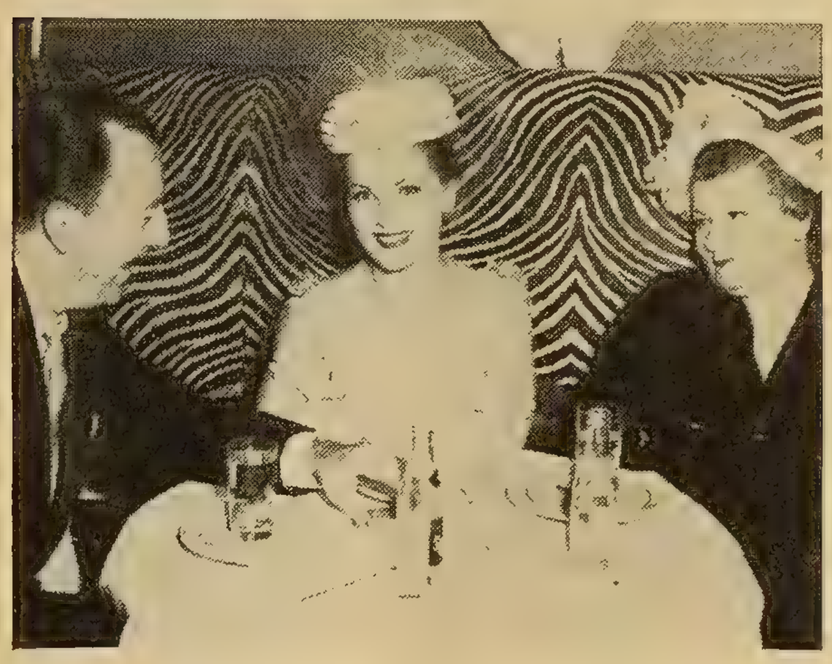
Soothe nerves . . feel calm and serene with
MILES® NERVINE

At any drugstore . . .
No Prescription Needed!
Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

ALL FOR GLAMOUR



Look like a star, that's Debra's rule. She follows it at home or with her mother and NTA's Frank Young at New York's El Morocco.



Take an inside peep at moviedom as Debra Paget and Jeff Hunter host NTA's Premiere Performance



Blue jeans give Debra the blues. She wants to bring back the heydays of glamour. Jeff Hunter, alternating host, does likewise for chivalry.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS really were. So says Debra Paget—and this film star has the red hair to match her definite opinions. Debra prefers the Hollywood of Gloria Swanson to the paler, more casual movie city of today. Though she's too young to remember the glamorous heydays of yesterday, she's on a one-girl—five-foot-three-and-a-half, 109 pounds of girl—campaign to bring them back. With her mother's help, Debra encrusted the top of a strawberry-pink Cadillac with jewels. They may have been paste, but the glitter stopped traffic—when the car wasn't sheltered in the garage of a 26-room Beverly Hills establishment that is Debra's modern-day Pickfair. . . . "People come to Hollywood to see something they don't see in their own home towns," says Debra. In earrings that dangle for at least six inches, she provides the desired sights. For those who can't make the trip, Debra is visible as alternating host with Jeff Hunter on *Premiere Performance,* a series of top 20th Century-Fox films that are being shown on TV for the first time on the 133 stations (such as WPIX in New York) that make up the new NTA Film Network. Between reels, Debra or Jeff initiates the viewer into the secrets of the make-up, wardrobe or prop departments. . . . Behind Debra's glitter is some good sense. "Glamour is being well groomed," she explains. "It's the general appearance and those special touches." She's a hard worker who begged for acting lessons when she was nine, made her movie debut at fourteen. She played eighteen-year-olds—until she actually turned eighteen and the studio put her in pigtails to play a fourteen-year-old. Her constant companion and personal manager is her mother, Margaret Griffin, a zestful, outspoken woman who wishes columnists would play down her burlesque days and play up Broadway, where most of her own acting career was spent. "I'm kind of a lonely person," Debra says, "and Mother knows my moods and brings me out of them." The Griffins (Paget is an ancestral name) are a close-knit family, with many members in show business. They hold perpetual open-house amid ten television sets and the mermaids and Chinese statuary that are Debra's favorite decor. Debra would like to do musical comedy (she's showcased her talents at Las Vegas night clubs) . . . live half the year in Mexico (the scene of her current film, "The River's Edge") . . . and marry a "gentleman" who has a sense of humor and is *not* the life of the party. She promises to live happily—and glamorously—ever after.

Surly Ken Becker puts Elvis on his mettle with heckling, and there are fireworks coming up in this jukebox joint.



TV RADIO MIRROR goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

Loving You

WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Fashioned carefully to show off Elvis Presley in the best light, this drama-with-music casts him as a lonely young drifter, boomed into fame as a singing idol. It's press agent Lizabeth Scott who discovers him, hires him as vocalist with Wendell Corey's obscure band and promotes him with publicity stunts. Though Elvis gets entangled with the personal affairs of Liz and Wendell, he also shares a gentle romance with winsome Dolores Hart. Music is ladled out in generous portions—ballads, blues, but mostly rock 'n' roll.

Sweet Smell of Success

UNITED ARTISTS

Scheduled to make his TV debut this fall with a dramatic rôle on *General Electric Theater*, Tony Curtis is now being seen in this expertly made shocker. He's a small-time New York publicity man, a thoroughgoing heel who has attached himself to the coattails of Burt Lancaster, ruthless gossip columnist and radio commentator. Susan Harrison, Burt's sister, has fallen in love with Marty Milner, a young musician, and Burt assigns Tony to break it up—by any means he chooses. Known as TV's Mrs. Gobel, Jeff Donnell is effective as Tony's disillusioned secretary, and Barbara Nichols strikes a note of pathos as his sometime girlfriend, a pawn in his schemes.

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Tony Randall, once *Mr. Peepers*' pal, star of many TV dramas, really gets a chance to display his comedy skill in this roaring farce. As a timid ad man, he tries to get film queen Jayne Mansfield's endorsement for a lipstick campaign—and winds up headlined as her new beau, a great lover. With one gag after another, Hollywood here makes a ferocious attack on TV. But it's all in fun (though not for the kiddies).

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

A Hatful of Rain (20th; CinemaScope): Powerful close-up of a troubled family. Drug addict Don Murray and loyal brother Anthony Franciosa hide the tragedy from Eva Marie Saint, Don's wife, and Lloyd Nolan, their father.

Bernardine (20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color): In his first movie, Pat Boone leads a group of likeable teenagers, plots to help Dick Sargent, who's lovesick for Terry Moore. With songs, of course.

The Delicate Delinquent (Paramount, VistaVision): Jerry Lewis goes it alone on film, as a lonesome, wacky slum kid, who finds a friend in cop Darren McGavin.

Sally's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues." Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-97, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

ends dull, dry "thirsty" hair– replaces your natural beauty oils so each and every strand shines with new natural color brilliance

Helene Curtis

Lanolin Discovery®

THE NEW **HAIRDRESSING** IN SPRAY FORM

Unlike ordinary hairdressings which "coat" your hair—make it oily–LANOLIN DISCOVERY Hairdressing is pure greaseless lanolin in a mist so fine it is absorbed by each strand of hair. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing 100 strokes a day.



Used and recommended by beauticians everywhere. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

movies on TV

Showing this month

BACK TO BATAAN (RKO): Rousing patriotic melodrama finds Yank John Wayne, Filipino Anthony Quinn leading guerrilla fighters who harass the temporarily victorious Japanese.

CRAIG'S WIFE (Columbia): In the biggest hit of her early film career, Rosalind Russell dissects the character of a selfish woman who loves her house more than she does her husband (John Boles).

DESTROYER (Columbia): Tribute to Navy men of World War II. Edward G. Robinson, as a crusty old-timer, tussles with young Glenn Ford, who favors modern ways (and romances Marguerite Chapman).

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia): William Holden's debut film, a tough prize-ring drama. As cynical girlfriend of fight manager Adolphe Menjou, Barbara Stanwyck persuades Bill to give up the violin for the gloves, a decision he regrets.

HE RAN ALL THE WAY (U.A.): Fine acting by John Garfield and Shelley Winters in a crime story with unusual slants. A killer on the lam, John hides out in the home of Shelley and her terrorized family.

LUCK OF THE IRISH, THE (20th): Funny and delightful fantasy. On a trip to Ireland, American newsman Tyrone Power meets colleen Anne Baxter—and Cecil Kellaway, a leprechaun who comes to the U. S. as Ty's butler and rearranges his life.

MAGNETIC MONSTER, THE (U.A.): Interesting, suspenseful science-fiction. The "monster" is a mysterious, powerfully radioactive element that gets out of control and threatens the earth. Scientist Richard Carlson races for a solution.

NIGHT SONG (RKO): Smoothly done romance teams Dana Andrews, as a blinded musician, with Merle Oberon, as an heiress who pretends she's also blind, to by-pass his pride. Hoagy Carmichael scores.

SAHARA (Columbia): Vigorous war-action story. Humphrey Bogart and other crewmen of an American tank pick up Allied soldiers and two Axis prisoners. The motley group battles desert thirst as Nazi troops come closer. With J. Carrol Naish.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (20th): Touching and tearful. Concealing the heart condition that dooms her, Maureen O'Hara persuades husband John Payne to adopt little Connie Marshall, so he won't be alone.

STEP LIVELY (RKO): Gay farce from Sinatra's crooning days. He's a hick playwright victimized by small-time stage producer George Murphy. Gloria De Haven is Frankie's love interest.

THREE FACES WEST (Republic): Strong, affecting drama. Fleeing Nazi oppression, Austrian doctor Charles Coburn and daughter Sigrid Gurie come to America's Dust Bowl, where farmers including John Wayne fight against starvation.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Columbia): Light, easygoing comedy, with deft clowning by Henry Fonda and Barbara Stanwyck. She's an M.D. He's her rich husband, terribly jealous of her male patients.

Sylvia Sullivan wouldn't be a bit surprised if showman-husband Ed said: "Better pack a bag—we're off to Madagascar"

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

By MRS. ED SULLIVAN



IN MY TRAVELS around the world with my husband, Ed Sullivan, I've learned a lot of things that the geography books didn't spell out, because geography books can't measure the courage or the kindness of people.

When we were in Vienna, not many weeks ago, Franz Cyrus, the United Press Bureau Chief, took us fifty miles from the heart of Vienna to the Austro-Hungarian border, guarded by barbed wire fences. On the Hungarian side, Commie patrols on horseback and thirty foot sentry towers manned by Commies with tommy guns prevented any more Hungarians from escaping.

Across this particular part had streamed more than 100,000 Hungarians. Awaiting them on the Austrian side were farmers with tractors and farm wagons risking death to aid these fleeing Hungarians to safety.

Forever and a day, whenever I think of Austria, I'll recognize it in terms of the selfless bravery of the Austrian people. Not only their bravery, but their complete generosity, because Austria did not set any quota on these Hungarian refugees and Austria did not specify that the Hungarians they received must be technicians or engineers. Austria welcomed with open arms *any* Hungarians who came across the border.

During that visit, we went out to one of the Hungarian Refugee Camps run by the International Red Cross. We were struck by the many Hungarian children minus fathers and mothers. The parents had sacrificed their lives in delivering the children to the Austrian border.

There is a world-famed pastry shop in Vienna—Damels. Thinking of the children in the Refugee Camp, we thought that it might bring a moment of happiness into their lives if they could have some of the wonderful chocolate layer cakes. So we ordered thirty-six

Continued

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

(Continued)



Rome: Sylvia and Ed at party given by Italian film industry. Mike Keon of Rome *Daily American* is at right.



Vienna: They're greeted by Franz Cyrus, who arranged their memorable tour of the Austro-Hungarian frontier.

layer cakes and, inasmuch as we were leaving, asked Franz Cyrus to stage a party for the youngsters. The Austrian owners of the pastry shop, upon learning where the layer cakes were to be sent, came over to our table and said that they would only charge the actual costs of baking and icing the cakes.

So, in Vienna we learned of the bravery and generosity of this amazing nation and I'll always consider this to be one of the very worthwhile things I've learned while traveling the world with my husband.

In Japan, where Ed had gone to film some stuff from "Teahouse of the August Moon" for his Sunday-night program, I was amazed at the charm and friendliness of their people. The impression I had of the Japanese was completely altered. I marveled at their industry and at their farmers' use of every available inch of ground, right up to the highways.

Quite recently, we went to Mexico where Ed was filming some stuff with Tyrone Power and Mel Ferrer in Darryl Zanuck's "The Sun (*Continued from page* 61)

Berlin: Guide shows them where a bloody page of history was closed—the site of Hitler's Reichs chancellery.



Soviet sector: The Sullivans have a look-see around Stalinallee, the famed "glamour avenue" of East Berlin.





Ed likes to meet the people in every country they visit, see the chief points of interest in each city. Above, the Sullivans shaking hands with traffic policeman in Vienna. Below, descending the steps of the Soviet War Memorial in East Berlin, built of marble from the chancellery ruins.



The Ed Sullivan Show is seen over CBS-TV, Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Mercury-Lincoln Dealers.



Sylvia loves to browse around, admire art treasures and the exquisite architecture of earlier days. Here, they're both entranced by the fairy-tale loveliness of great halls in historic Schoenbrunn Palace, on the outskirts of Vienna.

Each place they visit, Ed has an eye out for new talent. Each place, he's recognized and hailed. Below, table-to-table telephones at the Resi night club, in West Berlin, are kept busy as Sullivan takes messages from G.I. guests.



YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY





By DIANE ISOLA

WHEN multi-billionaire Kurt Bonine entered Helen's life, in CBS Radio's daytime drama, *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, more than a year ago, listeners perked up. "He's interesting," they wrote. "Who is Jay Barney who plays the part? We like him."

The popular show's rating rose higher, zooming to first place among fifteen-minute radio programs. Jay, who had stepped into the new role with the understanding that it would be for only about six or eight weeks, found himself forming a long-time love triangle—and liking it. To stay with *Helen Trent*, he not (*Continued on page* 81)

Evenings at home are rare, for a man who often "quadruples" on TV, radio, stage and film assignments.



Jay Barney may not be a millionaire like Helen Trent's Kurt Bonine, but he knows where he's going—and is literally scooting on his way



Jay has two scooters, five motorbikes, totes one piggyback by car to have it handy when he's in camp.



Off hours, he'll read a book from his library—or, more likely, work in garage on one of the scooters.





Two lives: As lieutenant colonel (Reserve), Jay teaches film-projectionist course for servicemen. As Kurt in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, he forms a triangle with Gil Whitney (David Gothard, left) and Helen (Julie Stevens).



The Romance Of Helen Trent, starring Julie Stevens in the title role, with Jay Barney as Kurt Bonine, is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, at 12:30 P.M. EDT.

Meet the



Royal duo: Hal March of *The $64,000 Question* (left, with Robert Strom)—Ralph Story of *The $64,000 Challenge* (seen above with Edward G. Robinson).

By FRANCES KISH

THE QUIZ KINGS! Long may they reign, say millions of viewers who sit glued to their TV sets, diverted by constantly amazing feats of knowledge and skill performed on these shows—and wondering: How could I get on? Or how could I get my relatives, my best girl or boyfriend, a chance to get on?

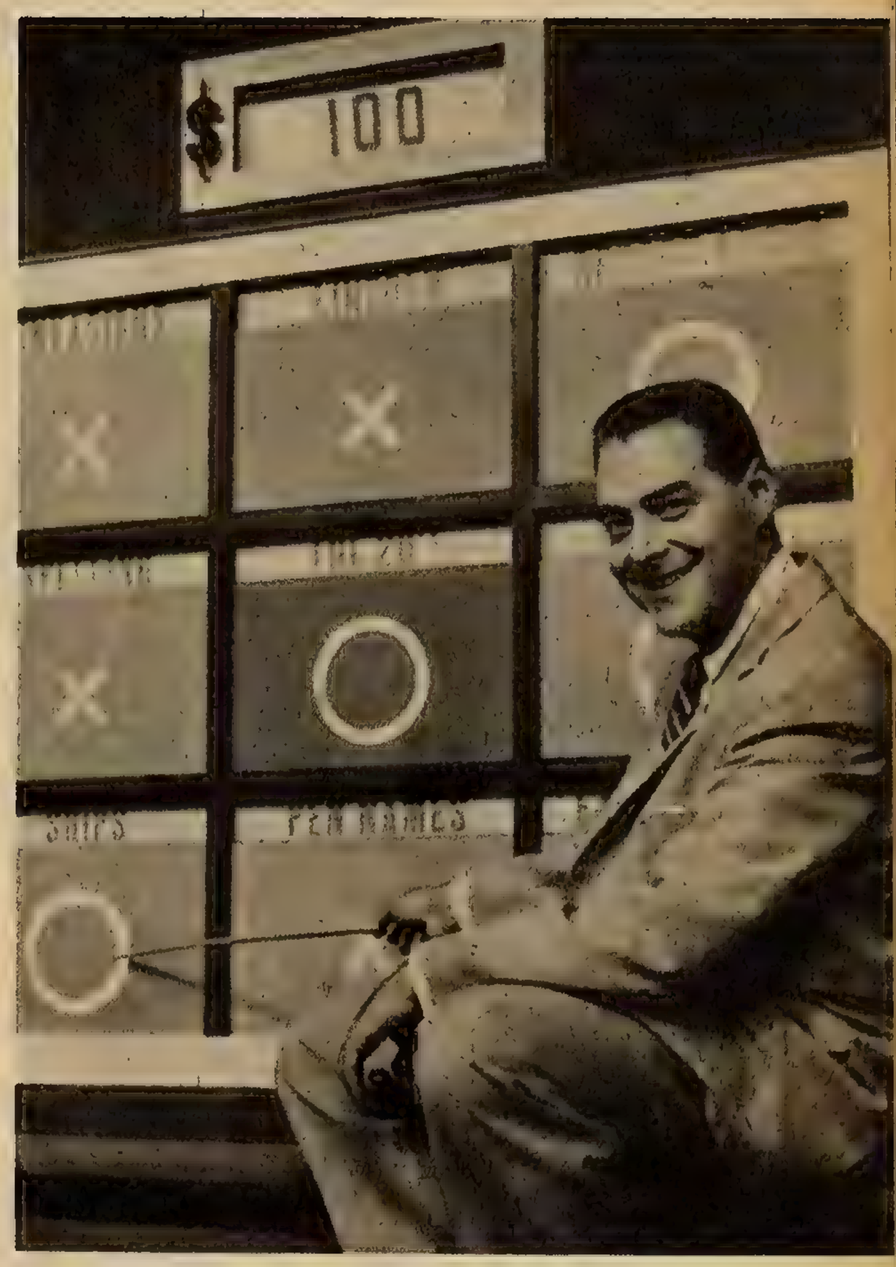


You, too, can be a contestant for top prizes from your favorite TV hosts—if you follow these rules—and can fill these qualifications

QUIZ KINGS face to face!



Jack Barry referees *Twenty-One.* Contenders (like Mrs. Vivienne Nearing and Charles Van Doren) pass written exams to appear on nighttime show.



Test is easier for *Tic Tac Dough,* as conducted by Barry on weekdays.

Continued

Sam Levenson quizzes informal-type contestants on *Two For The Money.* Dr. Mason Gross (far left), judges their answers to average-type questions.

Groucho Marx quips with VIP's and "just folks" on *You Bet Your Life.*





Meet the QUIZ KINGS face to face!

(Continued)



George de Witt encourages young man to *Name That Tune.* Applicants come from all walks of life, need only liking for music, listening to lots of it.

Well, like getting on in life, getting on a quiz show as a contestant seems to depend upon a combination of things. Ability to be at the required place at the right time. A lot of hard work, and a little luck. A lot of information and knowledge, and more than a little stamina. A sense of fun and adventure in competition with others, and a saving sense of humor. Enough inner philosophy to carry on, win or lose, and enough sportsmanship to accept either outcome with grace.

All the big winners on the big quiz shows have had these attributes. These are the "musts" of the game. So, if you have been dreaming of displaying your knowledge for big—or even medium-size—stakes, you can read along and check yourself against the requirements. Even if you feel you just *couldn't* face the cameras and microphones—and those millions of rapt viewers—you can still have fun decid-

Warren Hull has a hearty welcome for those who have real reason for wanting to *Strike It Rich.*



The Big Payoff: Bess Myerson, Randy Merriman hold one of gifts (including Paris trip!) won by Rev. Arthur Hardge for bride-to-be.





Bud Collyer outlines a stunt for *Beat The Clock.* Studio audiences provide volunteer "stunters" before air time.



Bill Cullen (with Carolyn Stroupe, Beverly Bentley) has rivals guessing daily if *The Price Is Right.*



Jack Bailey may crown a prince—as well as *Queen For A Day,* chosen from audiences and voted by them.

ing whether you would have a ghost of a chance to "make it," if you really wanted to.

Be ready with a good snapshot, or other photograph. It will not be returned, so don't send one you wouldn't want to lose. Usually, a clear snapshot will do, but that doesn't mean much if it's taken at a hundred feet and you're a mere blob of gray down at the end of the garden path. Or if you're in a group of people and only part of your face peers over someone else's shoulder. And smiling faces are better than too-serious or sad ones. The smile shows how you will look when you win on the program!

It goes without saying that, if you are now twenty or thirty, the photo should not be snipped from your grade-school graduation picture or taken on your sixteenth birthday. If your hair has turned to silver, be realistic and send a recent photo. The same goes for a woman who has completely changed her hair-do, or a man or woman who has gained or lost considerable weight. Too fancy or fanciful photos will get you nowhere. A girl in a bubble bath, a man wrapped in a leopard skin, a nurse in operating mask with only the eyes showing—these have all been received by quiz programs! Such pictures may cause merriment in the mail room but will be of no help in getting you on. Be reasonable!

Let's start now with the first of the really big-money shows, *The $64,000 Question,* the one that began the parade. If, as you read ahead, you decide it is even tougher to get on than you thought, remember that Hal March, the fabulously successful master of ceremonies for this show, didn't get on the easy way, either. He was among more than three hundred con- (*Continued on page* 74)

Art Linkletter loves to prove *People Are Funny.* Show sometimes goes out looking for special types of people, more often selects from letter-writers and ticket-holders.



Bob Barker leads *Truth Or Consequences* participants a merry chase. Audience members never know whether they'll be picked out—or have already been "framed" in advance!



Interview Subject:

MIKE WALLACE





"On divorces," Mike explains, "I wouldn't ask specific questions . . .



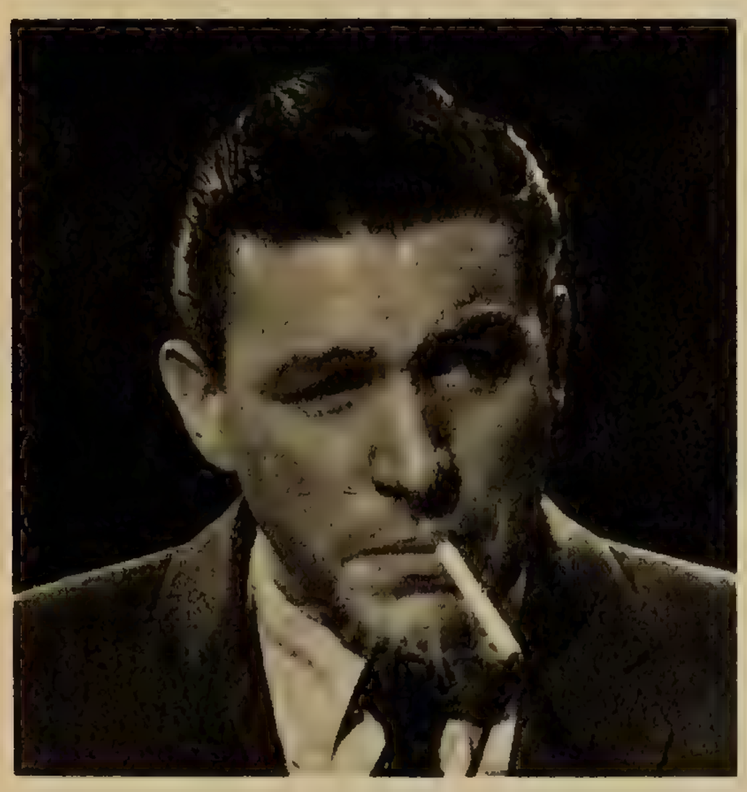
My marriages weren't hit-and-run affairs . . . I think it was mainly a



matter of growing away from each other . . . This marriage will last."



"Early in my career, I felt trapped by money. I was unhappy. I wasn't



fulfilled . . . I wanted to accomplish something I could be proud of . . .



I think we are accomplishing something with the interviews on TV."

You can "expect the unexpected" on his ABC-TV show. Here, in print, Mike answers the personal questions he wouldn't even ask of others!

By GREGORY MERWIN

WHEN Leonard Goldenson, President of American Broadcasting Company, contracted with Mike Wallace to do his interviews on the ABC-TV network, he knew that he wasn't signing up a namby-pamby, how-are-you-darling reporter. In the seven months before the show went network, Mike had dug deep into the social, political and moral conscience of several hundred big-name individuals over WABD, the Du Mont-owned TV station in New York. On camera, a "private eye" revealed that he never felt any regrets when he (*Continued on page* 83)

The Mike Wallace Interview is seen over ABC-TV, Sundays, from 10 to 10:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.



Mike doesn't care for night clubs, likes making his own fun at home—as in this music session with wife Lorraine and Ted Yates, Jr., the *Interview* producer.

He's Walkin' on Air...



Ozzie and Harriet have always had it. Now Ricky Nelson has a portion of success all his own . . .

By FREDDA BALLING

THIS IS the way it happened: Ricky Nelson was strumming his dad's guitar and singing "for my own amazement," one afternoon between setups for *The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet,* when a scout for the rhythm-and-blues department of a recording company strolled onto the sound stage. *Not bad,* the scout thought, in reference to the choppy beat and the pleasant timbre of the voice. *Not bad at all.* So he trailed the sound to its source.

Shortly thereafter, the release of a disc bearing "I'm Walkin'," a rock 'n' roller, on one side—and "Teenagers' Romance," a ballad, on the flip—catapulted Eric Hilliard Nelson into personally-earned prominence as one of the youngest of today's singing idols.

In the offing, as this goes to press, is a twelve-platter-per-year recording contract sporting a handsome maximum royalty clause. One of the first responsibilities of the recording star is to get out and plug his discs before his most likely audience. So, natch, his recording company made arrangements for Ricky to appear at a Los Angeles high school, backed by the Four Preps (noted for their recording of "Dreamy Eyes" for Capitol).

When Ricky arrived, he noted—in a sort of unbelieving blur—that the windows facing the area in which he had parked seemed to be crowded with the bobbing balloons of human faces. "Well . . . it surprised me. . . . I guess word got around the school that entertainment was coming . . . still, you don't expect . . . I mean it was all great, just great," says Eric Hilliard Nelson.

Then, when the curtain was opened to reveal the assembly stage, the roof took off at the same time. For (*Continued on page* 79)

The Nelsons—Ozzie, David, Ricky, Harriet—take fame lightly, after a decade together in the spotlight. (They also seemed impervious to birthday hints—till Ricky got his guitar!) But, even so, Ricky gets a real charge out of tuning in his own record on a deejay program, while actresses Gail Land (below left) and Myrna Fahey beam.



The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet—together with their sons, David and Ricky Nelson—is seen over ABC-TV, Wednesday, at 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Eastman Kodak.



Kathryn Murray says:

"TRY THESE"

LAST YEAR a TV columnist wrote: "Most improbable publicity of the week—Mrs. Arthur Murray bakes before going to the office." So I sent her some of the day's browned offerings and the lady ate her words! Sure, I bake early in the morning. I'm up with the birds, anyway, and it isn't cricket to arrive at the office before your secretary. I bake often, too, because I have a steady customer. My husband Arthur eats cake for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and in between times. His favorite is honey cake, and I hope you'll try my recipe. I developed it by trial and failure—it was never "as good as Mother used to make," but now it brings me compliments and is finished to the last crumb.

Yes, it's fun to bake and cook—when you don't have to turn out three meals a day. (That's work, brother! If your wife does it, give her a gold star—and take her out to dinner wearing it.) My kind of cooking is pure "ham." I show off with it for occasional guests and for dinners at home only once or twice a week. We don't have a real household anymore—our twin daughters are both married, and Arthur and I live in a small apartment. When we don't have a date with friends, we eat when we're ready, usually quite late.

If I haven't been rehearsing for an acrobatic TV act (in other words, if I still have a clean face), we may eat in a delightfully de-luxe restaurant. If I'm tired, we go home and I cook. That is relaxation for me. Blessings on the freezing compartment—there is always food in the refrigerator.

Incidentally, Arthur likes to get in the act, too. And when you've been happily married as long as I have—for thirty-two years—you have learned to "give stage" to your mate. I have included Arthur's hamburger method along with some of my specialties. I'm such an eager beaver that I wish TV RADIO MIRROR had room for all my favorites—baked young chickens, spicy gingerbread muffins, date-and-nut torten, sponge cake, brownies, and the sugar cookies I bake for my five grandchildren.

HAMBURGERS ARTURO

For 3 very large hamburgers, mix lightly with 2 forks:

1 pound coarsely ground top sirloin
⅔ teaspoon salt

Sprinkle well with Ac'cent (monosodium glutamate) and freshly ground black pepper. Stir in with forks:

2 tablespoons tomato juice
chopped parsley
bits of crisp bacon
bits of finely chopped onion, if desired (dancers don't)

Form into 3 large patties. Place on plate, cover with wax paper and refrigerate until 1 hour before dinner. Sprinkle a heavy ungreased iron skillet well with salt. Heat, covered, until drop of water will bounce from salted surface. Remove cover, increase heat, and place patties in pan. Cover. For very rare meat, cook on one side 2½ minutes, turn to cook on other side for 2 minutes. (Mrs. Murray tucks a teaspoon prepared mustard in the center.)

CHEESE BLINTZES

Makes about 14 pancakes.

Beat well, using a fork:

6 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt

Combine:

4 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons water

Gradually add to 1 cup of the beaten egg. Then add to remaining beaten egg. (This method prevents lumping.) Cover work table near stove with wax paper. Heat a 6-inch iron skillet very gradually until a small amount of butter will sizzle. Tip, so butter will grease pan thinly and evenly. Pour off any excess butter. Hold handle of pan with your left hand as you pour in enough batter to make a thin layer that will just cover the pan. Turn your left hand back and forth as you are pouring, so that the pan will be covered quickly and evenly. If your pan is correctly heated, the thin pancake should start bubbling almost immediately. Give the pancake just a few seconds until "set" and then invert pan over wax paper so that pancake will drop out, raw side down, cooked side up. Continue in this manner until all batter is used. Prepare filling by combining:

1 pound cottage cheese
½ beaten egg
dash salt
dash pepper

Blend well. Place a heaping tablespoon in center of each pancake. Roll pancakes and place in narrow greased baking dish. This may be placed in refrigerator until ready to bake. Just before serving, place in moderate oven (350°F.) 20-25 minutes. Serve with sour cream, cinnamon and assorted fruit jams. Makes 3-4 servings.

HONEY CAKE

Mix together very well:

4 tablespoons butter
½ cup sugar
¾ cup honey

Add:

4 eggs, well beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
grated rind of an orange
1 cup large walnut pieces

Mix and sift twice:

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
3 heaping teaspoons powdered instant coffee

Stir flour into egg mixture slowly and well. Spread batter in shallow greased pan (10" x 15"). Bake in moderate oven (325°F.-350°F.) 45 minutes. Cut in squares when cold. (Like all honey cakes, this tastes better when at least 48 hours old. If kept in tins, it will stay fresh and good for several weeks.)

The Arthur Murray Party is seen on NBC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Bristol-Myers Co. for Bufferin, Ipana, and Ban.



Hostess at home, as well as on TV, Kathryn loves preparing these "husband-tested" recipes. ("Husband" in the case is, of course, famed dance maestro Arthur Murray!)

EGGS BAKED IN CREAM

For each serving, butter individual casseroles. Break 2 fresh eggs into each casserole. Season with salt, freshly ground black pepper and a dash each of cinnamon and tarragon. Cover with heavy cream. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes. For a browned top, place under broiler a few seconds. Serve with buttered toasted raisin bread or rye bread and crisp bacon.



WKMH's *Bobbin' With Robin* proved Michigan is for Mineo. Crowds at Detroit's Edgewater Park overwhelmed Robin Seymour (below left) and Sal, almost broke up the telecast.



MINEO'S Really Moving

At 18, sensational Sal is headed in exciting new directions on TV, records, radio, films—and home life

By HELEN BOLSTAD

IT'S A TIME for big changes in the life of Sal Mineo, the eighteen-year-old actor who has earned an enviable reputation in the movies for his sensitive portrayal of adolescent change. Sal's prospective changes in his own life are happy ones: He is going to college, he and his family will soon have a lovely new house, he has radio and television appearances planned, and—best of all—he has entered the recording field and produced a smash hit with his first record.

Anyone who believes in the return of bread cast upon the waters can find pleasant confirmation in the story of how Sal came to record. In shouldering his share of the Mineo family duties, Sal was once chief baby-sitter for his pretty little sister Sarina. Last year, another baby-sitter started the ball rolling for Sal's recording contract.

It happened in Glenside, Pennsylvania, when Arnold Maxin and his wife, Elaine, called in vivacious Mary Fitzgerald to stay with their little daughters, Amy and Marjorie.

On arrival, Mary was bubbling with enthusiastic plans to start a new fan club (*Continued on page* 86)

Home in New York, between telecasts, tours and movies, Sal relaxes with his drums, the car his folks gave him on his eighteenth birthday this year, and his dog, "Bimbo."

"Lucky" rings are a Mineo tradition. Kid sister Sarina got the latest one, proudly displays it to Sal, brother Victor and their mother—who began custom years ago.











Trio looks just as pretty as it sings on Godfrey shows and Coral records. At Las Vegas' Desert Inn, above—as in portrait on opposite page—the left-to-right order is Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy.



Even a husband can't tell their voices apart—it happens to be Phyl talking, above. Dot's in white, Chris in slinky satin, during a rehearsal "break."

Three's the Most!

To the McGuires, being a trio—
whether as singers in the spotlight
or just sisters in private—is a
picnic, a panic, a sorority of fun

By MARTIN COHEN

SIX SLIM LEGS, three radiant smiles, six melting brown eyes—plus the usual standard female equipment—adds up to three hundred and fifty-four pounds of the prettiest (and best) trio in the country. These long-stemmed beauties, known as The McGuire Sisters, are not triplets—but are as much alike as peas in a pod. Facially, there's a difference. But let the gals turn their heads—or talk to them on the phone—and you don't know who's who.

"Even Mother can't tell us apart on the telephone," says Phyllis. "Chris's husband, John Teeter, may call the apartment and Chris answers—but he's so uncertain, he's got to ask, 'Is this you, Chris?' "

"Just the other afternoon," says Dot, "Chris and I were walking right ahead of John. We had on sport outfits, skirts and shirts. John came up and, in a cute little way, zipped the zipper on my skirt—and, when I turned around, he said, 'Oh, I thought you were Chris.' He was so embarrassed!"

Continued





Busy as anyone in show biz, Chris, Phyl and Dot McGuire have to rely on each other for jokes and fun. "We never get lonesome," they chorus. Playing such "dates" as Las Vegas, they can get in the swim—and the sun—together.

Three's the Most!

(Continued)

"Do you remember," Phyllis asks, "when John was dating Chris and we all went along on their dates? And we were in a kind of half-lighted night club? Well, we came out of the ladies' room and I sat down beside John—and he thought it was Chris and squeezed my hand."

That's the way it goes when you're three sisters who look alike, dress alike, think alike, work together and sometimes date together (as Phyl noted, when John Teeter was just in the dating stage with Chris, sisters Phyl and Dot went along).

"How do we feel about it?" Chris echoes. "Well, I know I'm speaking for all three of us. We get along well and have been together so long that we need each other. But sometimes I think I would just like to disappear for a week and not let anyone know where I am—and then come back and say, casual as can be, 'Hi, everybody.'"

"I feel that way often, too," Phyllis chimes in. "But when I'm alone, I dislike it very much. When we're apart, we immediately get on the phone. We just can't stand not to know what the others are doing. If we're apart for one afternoon, we discuss every detail of what's happened to us, as though we hadn't seen each other in months."

Chris smiles and says, "Phyl's always nosy. She calls our room, if she hasn't seen us for an hour or two, to find out what we're doing."

Yet there are still people around who want to know whether the McGuires are really sisters. As one of them is always sure to answer that question: "How can you doubt it, when we had the same mother and father?" Their father and mother are Asa and Lilly McGuire. Mother is an ordained minister; father, a steel worker. Home was Miamisburg, Ohio. Asa McGuire wanted boys—at least one—but found that three girls could make you just as proud and be every bit as much of a handful.

Chris was born on July 30, 1928. Dot and Phyllis followed at year-and-a-half intervals. They were close enough in age to play together and sing as a group. When Phyllis was four, they (*Continued on page* 67)



Phyl's the "baby" of the family, the sleepyhead who has to be roused by her sisters. Chris is the eldest and does all their shopping. Dot is the "middle one" and models for fittings and hairdressing experiments.



Between shows on tour—left to right, in usual trio formation—Chris, Phyl and Dot discuss next stop with manager-arranger-conductor Murray Kane (above), catch up on musical "homework" in their hotel suite (below).





The McGuire Sisters are frequent guests on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, as heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, from 10 to 11:30 A.M. EDT, and seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Thursday, from 10:30 to 11:30 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

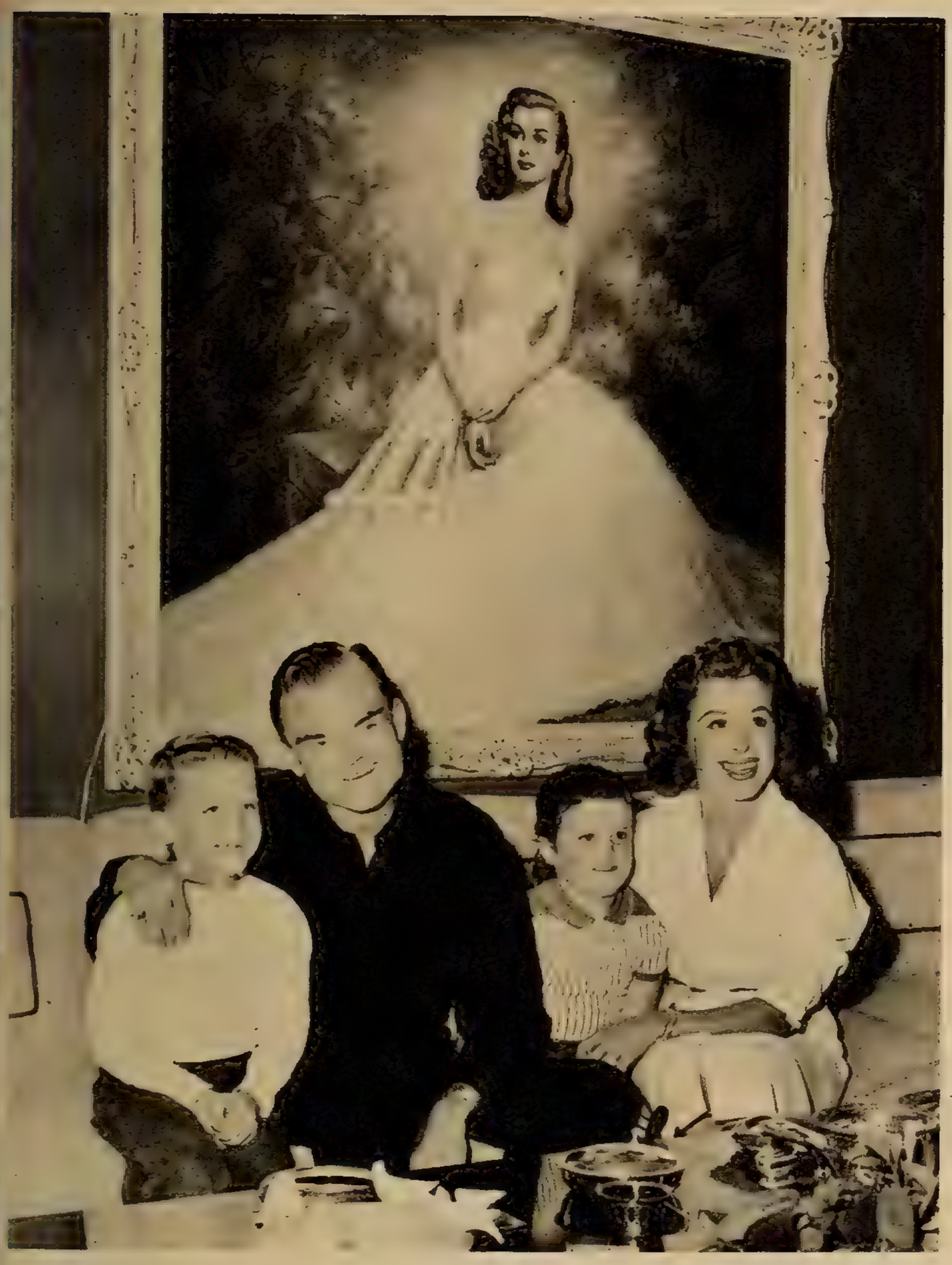
Spike's "musical depreciation" experts can play real instruments—when they want to! Above, drummer-boy Jones with banjoists Jad Paul (left) and Freddie Morgan; standing—Brian Farnon, sax; Phil Gray, trombone; George Rock, trumpet; Eddie Robertson, tuba; Gil Bernal, sax; Mousie Garner, soprano sax. Below, right: Beauty and the Big Beat—singing star Helen Grayco with husband Spike and Gil Bernal.





a Slightly Reformed Character

But Spike Jones isn't really "going straight"—not when there are so many other ways of going 'round and 'round the music



Normal as any home-loving man, with his Spike Junior, Leslie Ann and Helen—as friends say, their lovely house is "awfully square" for an offbeat guy like Mr. Jones. (But not all the paintings on their walls are as graciously formal as that portrait of Helen.)



House is white Colonial, but Spike's partial to black for his clothes—calls this his "race-track outfit." Below, spinning plastic "pie tins," Spike swears his aim would be better throwing real pies!



By MAURINE REMENIH

WHEN *The Spike Jones Show* hit the TV tubes last spring, viewers in living rooms from Penobscot to Port Hueneme exchanged surprised glances of disbelief. Could this be Spike Jones, the "musical depreciation" kid? The boy who spoofed Beethoven, Brahms and Bach? The same character who integrated pistol shots, automobile horns and doorbells into his arrangements?

The new show contained a couple of ballads sung by Mrs. Jones (Helen Grayco, to you) and about ten minutes of the old Spike Jones madness. But the rest of the half-hour, Spike played it straight. Good, tuneful, danceable—and straight.

But Lindley Armstrong Jones knew what he was doing. As he pointed out to one protesting fan who wailed for more of the "old" (*Continued on page* 70)



He Will Never Be a Has-Been!

Slipping? Going highbrow? Elvis Presley meets the rumor-mongers head on, with new-found confidence and maturity

By EUNICE FIELD

IT'S A STORY his family likes to tell. When Elvis was only ten, he swerved his bike to avoid hitting a cat. He fell against a telephone pole, and his mother—who had seen it from a window—came running. "Are you hurt?" she asked anxiously. The boy rubbed his shins. "Sure, I'm hurt," he said. Then, taking her hand, he squeezed it reassuringly: "Don't worry, Mama . . . I ain't a-gonna cry."

Now that he is twenty-two and a movie star, Elvis lounges in his green-and-brown dressing room (furnished with Spartan simplicity) and discusses with a reporter and the publicity man assigned to his new M-G-M film, "Jailhouse Rock," the big question so many newspapers and magazines have been asking: Is Elvis Presley going highbrow—and is he slipping?

Continued







Rumors aren't spread by those who work with Elvis. They are his most sincere boosters. Above, at Paramount, with Lizabeth Scott and Hal Wallis, producer of "Loving You." At right, performing—and listening to a record playback.

He Will Never Be a Has-Been!

(Continued)



Quiet, polite, hard-working—that's how everyone has found Elvis on the movie lots. No complaints about rehearsals, fittings or all the many details of his phenomenal success on records, films, TV, radio, personal appearances. Presley's moving fast—with Uncle Sam planning his future.

The reporter puts the question bluntly and Elvis smiles so calmly that she wonders, *Has he been asking himself the same thing?* "Well," he says, "it's the same people. At first, they said I'd never make it. Then I was a rocket and wouldn't stay up. Now they're saying I'm getting too smart, I'm on the bumpy road down. I'd have answered them before now, but I didn't think it was worthwhile."

Doesn't he believe in striking back? "It's not that. If I was worried, I suppose I would hit back. If that was all they said. But some of the stuff they say is pretty raw. I'm not made of stone, and they hurt. But no matter." Obviously, Elvis still "ain't a-gonna cry."

The triple-threat star of movies, television and recordings may not be wasting time on self-pity, but he knows that he still has a hard fight to keep his place in the sun. As the most brilliant of the younger stars, he is fair game for the jealous, the prudish, the fickle. His eyes flash restlessly about the dressing room. "I've told this to myself a lot of times: If the day comes when I can't give the best in me—or if the best I've got doesn't please an audience—I'll pull out *without being asked.* I'll never let myself become a has-been!"

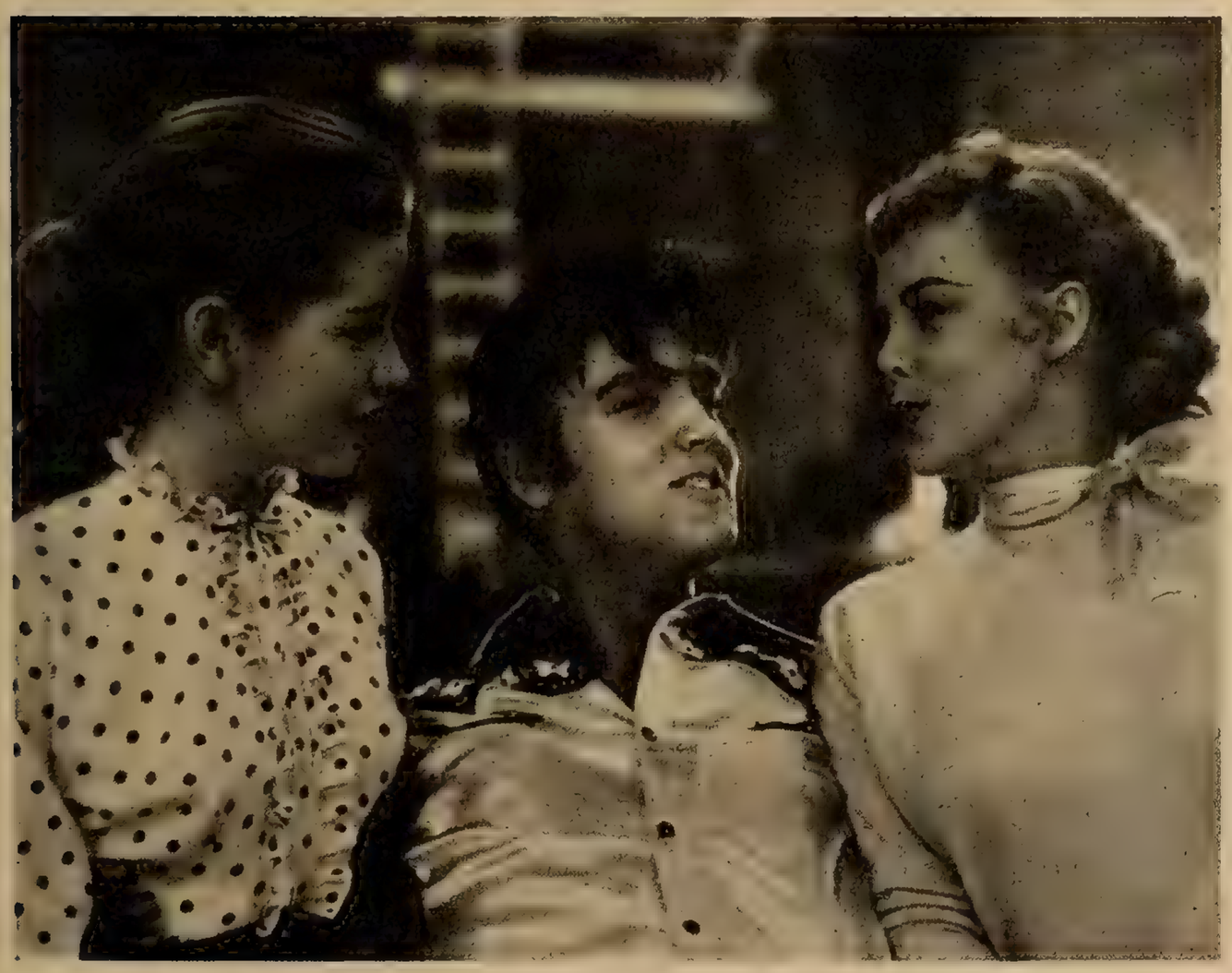
The force with which this pledge is given quickly melts into a quiet reverie. "As to this stuff about 'slipping' and 'going highbrow'—well, I'd rather let other people answer that (*Continued on page* 77)







Headlines—good and bad—have pursued Elvis throughout his career. Most startling and tragic was the sudden death of little Judy Tyler in a car crash with her husband, last July Fourth. She had just completed her role as Presley's leading lady in this third movie, M-G-M's "Jailhouse Rock."



Elvis still inspires jealousy in devoted fans' hearts, when pictured with such pretty girls as Dolores Hart (left), the romantic interest in "Loving You," and Jana Lund, teenager also in the Paramount film. Picture at right proves there are no age limits for Presley admirers.



Julie finds bitter need of all the courage and insight she has shared with others, as she prepares to follow her heart . . . far from

HILLTOP HOUSE

JULIE WAKED, and so ended the happiness she'd known in her dream. It faded as she opened her eyes. There was bright sunshine streaming in her bedroom windows, and the birds sang outside. But the real world, to Julie, was a very dreary business of clinging to a meager hope. The world she'd awakened to bore little resemblance to the one of her dream. Phil had been her dream.

In waking, she'd lost him. Her throat ached with loneliness. Her hands wanted to clench in impotent rebellion. She faced another day with bitter reluctance. The sunshine offered mockery rather than cheer.

But then, somehow, she saw herself as she was, and what she had done to make a morning's waking so bleak a thing. With an abrupt clarity, she remembered long years back, in her early widowhood, when she'd tried to live on memories after her happiness was gone. Now she saw that she'd been trying to live on hopes of happiness to come. But the human spirit does not thrive on either memory or hope, alone. At Hilltop House, where the orphaned children often had neither, she'd come to know that a full life comes only from the courage to face and accept, without flinching, whatever life may bring.

Now she deliberately unclenched her hands. She sat up. She got out of bed and went across to her mirror. She faced herself in it. Her face looked drawn, though she'd just awakened. She stared at herself and willed for courage to come. She'd taught her charges at Hilltop House that, if one clamped one's jaws tightly, and squared one's shoulders, and doggedly resolved not to give in. . . .

It worked. In minutes, she felt better. There was no change in the real situation, of course. It was still weeks since the second letter from Phil, and he was still in South America, thousands of miles away. But now she remembered that Phil had written her from there. He realized that he'd been cruel, though without that intention, when he'd written from New York just before his disappearance. Then he'd said grimly that his brother's plans had succeeded and he was ruined financially. That their marriage had become impossible. That, rather than put her through the ordeal of saying goodbye, he was writing her of the ending of all hope of a future together. He was going away. He did not say where. There had not been even a hint.

Looking at her own reflection, standing in her nightdress in the bedroom, Julie saw herself wince. The days and weeks after that first letter had been very bad indeed. Phil's disaster was needless. It was the result of his own brother's machinations. His brother Lloyd, who bitterly believed that Phil had tried to be a second Cain and murder him, and who fiercely tried to avenge it. He'd brought about Phil's business defeat and financial ruin. And, since Phil was a proud man, he'd destroyed Julie's hope of happiness, too.

A window curtain billowed in the breeze beside an open window. The air was clean and fresh and good. With summoned courage, Julie drove her thoughts onward. Things were better now. But, for a long time after that New York letter, she'd been dazed. She believed Phil gone from her life for always—after she had emptied it of everything else, so she could fill it with him. Her place as head of Hilltop House was now someone else's. She herself had picked Karen Whitfield as her replacement. Her friendship with David, and the affection of his teen-age daughter Felicia, had seemed small things to give up, when she expected to go to South America with Phil to begin a new career as his wife. Even the professional distinction she had valued most—a plaque which was an award for distinguished service to children—she expected to keep packed away in some trunk, because only Phil and his needs and happiness were to count for her in the future.

A mockingbird outside her window ran through his repertory of the songs of other birds. He came to the discordant cawing of a crow, and was less than successful. His own critical ear led him to attempt, repeatedly, to better it. The sound formed a sort of sardonic background to Julie's thoughts. But she would not let it turn them.

She began to brush her hair, still before the mirror and watching her face for a lessening of the courage she'd had to summon by an act of will. Things were much better since Phil's second letter. That had come from South America, and now was read almost to tatters. This second time, he wrote that he hadn't meant to be cruel when all his affairs and all his success crashed through the carefully contrived scheming of his brother Lloyd. He did love her. He'd (*Continued on page* 63)

Hilltop House is heard over NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, at 3:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Quaker Oats, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Arrid, and others. Jan Miner is pictured on the opposite page in her starring role as Julie.

A FICTION BONUS



COME TO THE

Hard to entertain the younger set? Grownups and children alike can enjoy the kind of planning which is done for fun at The Mace School



Social activities at The Mace School are twice as enjoyable for students because they help draw up the plans. Above, committee for year's biggest party—the Eighth Grade Prom, at graduation time—goes over the agenda with Mrs. Frieda Mace and Emile P. Faustin.



Guests arrive at Copacabana Club for "grown-up" Prom. About half are young actors, such as TV twins Luke and Marina Solito de Solis (above at right), Ron McLaren and Bonnie Sawyer (below).



Later, the committee of students meets "on its own." As pictured here, from left to right, members include Charles Avona, Frank Wieszner, Marina Solito de Solis, Fern Breslow, Pidgie Jamieson. Unlike most parties outlined in story, this one is to be *formal*!



AID OF YOUR PARTY



Round-table chat at the Copa—where girls get opportunity to display their most formal finery, and boys practice their best party manners. Left to right: Joy Lee, Billy Carroll, Betty Sue Albert, Maurice Hines (class president, often seen with brother Gregory on such TV shows as Jackie Gleason's), Marina, Ron and Bonnie.

By MARY TEMPLE

To be the "mother" of 115 children from the first to the eighth grades, to educate them and keep them busy, happy and well-adjusted, would seem job enough for any woman. To plan and give parties for such a brood, or any part of it, might seem an added super-job. Not to Mrs. Frieda Mace, however. And her experience and know-how can be invaluable to any parent, older sister or brother, who's responsible for seeing that the younger set has a good time before, during and after a really successful "children's party." (Even baby-sitters can learn a trick or two for keeping youngsters amused.)

Mrs. Mace is head of The Mace School, in New York, whose pupils include some of the best-known and busiest young actors and actresses in television and radio, theater and movies, and an equal number of non-professional youngsters who are not yet preparing for any career, in or out of the theater. All of them children whose parents want to see them grow up with a background of good education and good manners, with fun and parties to look back upon in later years.

See Next Page——→

COME TO THE AID OF YOUR PARTY

(Continued)



What's a gala prom to a girl—without a corsage? Mrs. Mace helps pin one on Bonnie Sawyer, long familiar to TV viewers as younger daughter Kim Emerson in *Valiant Lady*.

At the school, all of them are on the same footing, the only difference being a more flexible study schedule for those who have acting jobs and cannot always conform to the usual school routine. None are singled out for extracurricular achievements. "The closest we have ever come to that," Mrs. Mace says, "was when Patty McCormack played Helen Keller as a child in a *Playhouse 90* dramatization on television this year, and the children were particularly thrilled because one of their number had the chance to portray a woman they love and respect so much. When Patty left us to go to California, we all missed her.

"I really feel like the mother of a large family, where no child can take the place of any other. Each is dear to me, for his or her own sake. We have no professional talk in our school, no professional jealousies, no competition among the children who act and those who don't. When the boys and girls get together at school parties, or among themselves at the various homes, they have the kind of fun that belongs by right to the wonderful, carefree pre-teen and early teen years. What they are is what counts, not what they do outside the school."

Bonnie Sawyer, the Kim of *Valiant Lady,* was graduated from Mace this year with the Good Fellowship Award as the outstanding all-around good sport of her class. Lynn Lorring, the Patti of CBS-TV's *Search For Tomorrow* and also on CBS Radio in *The Second Mrs. Burton,* was president of her graduating class in 1955. Maurice Hines—who, with his brother Gregory, has been on the Gleason and other big shows, at clubs in Las Vegas, at the Moulin Rouge in Paris—is this year's graduating-class president, while Gregory plans to go on with his studies at the school. Jada Rowland, Amy in CBS-TV's *The Secret Storm,* is a last year's graduate, and her brother Jeffrey is still in school.

Three of *Mama's* TV children are Mace pupils: Toni Campbell, who is Dagmar; Susan Rohall, who is Ingeborg; and Kevin Coughlin, who plays young T.R. So are such other in-demand young actors as Betty Sue Albert; Peter Lazer; Pidgie Jamieson; the Solito de Solis twins, Luke



Pretty Dawn Wilson, Robert Haight, Toni Campbell and Donald Dilworth are on their best behavior—and having wonderful time, too, thanks to wise planning in advance.

Primping is an important part of feminine fun, at any age. Here, Joy Lee watches as Betty Sue Albert adjusts necklace for Toni Campbell—who is known on TV as *Mama's* Dagmar.





Dancing's a teen-age treat any time, formal or informal. Charles, Toni, Maurice and Betty Sue sip ginger ale as Joy and Ron try Copa floor—to "live" music, not records!

and Marina; Beverly Lunsford, who plays Bebe in CBS-TV's *The Edge Of Night.* Nina Reader, the little British girl who is in *Search For Tomorrow;* and Zina Bethune, Robin in CBS-TV's *The Guiding Light*, have been Mace students. Lydia Reed, of many dramatic TV roles, who also played Grace Kelly's sister in "High Society"; Kippy Campbell and Robin Essen; Claudia Crawford of the *Ray Bolger Show.* Ronald McLaren, who graduated this year; Pat Di Simone, who graduated last year. Jan Handzlik, Barry Towsen and Stanley Grochowski of the Broadway cast of "Auntie Mame"; Eileen Merry; Kathy Dunn and Susan Reilly of the Broadway cast of "Uncle Willie"; Dick Clemence, of stage and TV; Toby Stevens of "The King and I." And many others who, by the nature of their work, sometimes must continue their studies by tutoring, or even by correspondence at times. Many who come back with report cards from advanced classes, eager to show Mrs. Mace what they are doing and make her feel proud of them and their continued progress.

To get back to parties: The last big one of the season each year is the Eighth Grade Prom, in June, held in recent years at the famous Copacabana Club in New York, an extra-special privilege for the graduating class. That started when Mrs. Mace asked the management of the club if she could bring a group which she had been tutoring, and the children behaved so well in this adult atmosphere that succeeding classes have been welcomed back.

Most of the parties, however, are the kind any mother or older sister can give in her own home and any child can help plan and prepare. "If it's a child's party, especially an older girl or boy, ninety percent of it should be decided by the child," is Frieda Mace's belief. "This immediately creates an interest and a desire to help. It teaches a great deal also—good host manners, responsibility, teamwork. It brings out creative ability. At the school, for parties of any size, we have 'committees,' an idea any mother could adapt for a big neighborhood or community party, a fund-raising (*Continued on page* 72)

Young Dick Jones met his Betty when he was 15, knew right off she was the girl for him—for life. They're more sure of it now than ever, in their Burbank home with daughters Jennafer (left) and Melody, sons Jeff (Jennafer's twin) and Rick.



Keeping Up With The

JONESES

Dick has a whole passel of lively young 'uns at home—who all adore Buffalo Bill, Jr.

By GORDON BUDGE

SUNDAY morning at ten o'clock, you'll find Dick Jones—personable young *Buffalo Bill, Jr.*, of the two-to-teen set—suited out in his best go-to-meetin' clothes, perched squarely in the middle of the front pew of Hollywood's First Presbyterian Church. With the shy smile that has thrown a lariat around several million hero-hungry hearts, Dick says in his easy Texas drawl, "I sit down front so's I can stretch my legs 'way out and see what's going on better."

A more precise answer would tell you that Dick and his lovely wife Betty for years have enjoyed squatters' rights on that front seat because they are the sort of young people who literally want to get as close to their religion as they can.

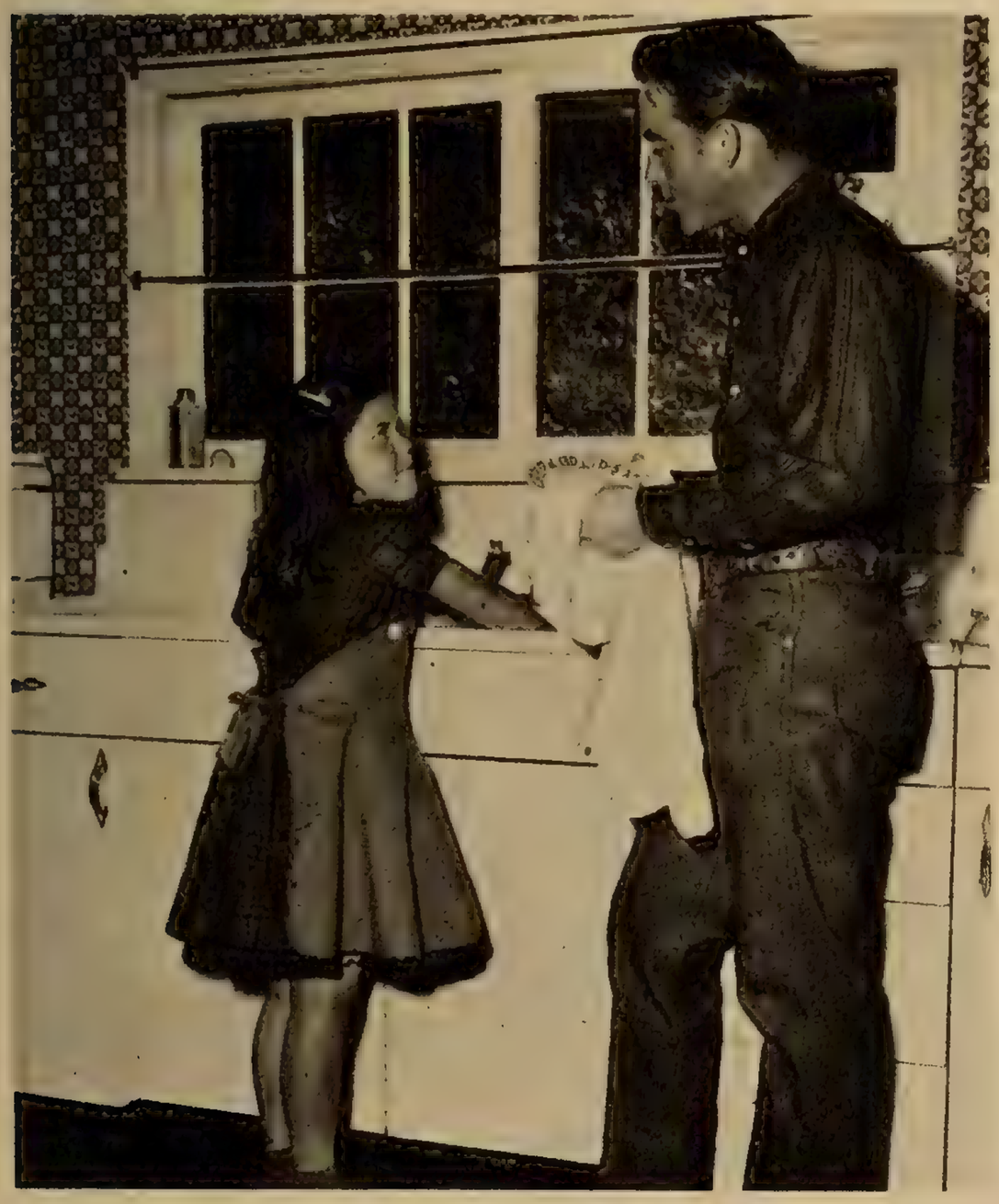
When Gene Autry and Armand Schaefer, *Buffalo Bill, Jr.'s* executive producer, put their heads together to pick a Hollywood actor for the title role, they couldn't have selected any one more fitting than Dick. As written, Buffalo Bill, Jr. is a young man of great integrity and high moral character. His chief responsibility is looking after his younger sister Calamity, as played by Nancy Gilbert. Dick watches over Nancy herself (*Continued on page* 65)



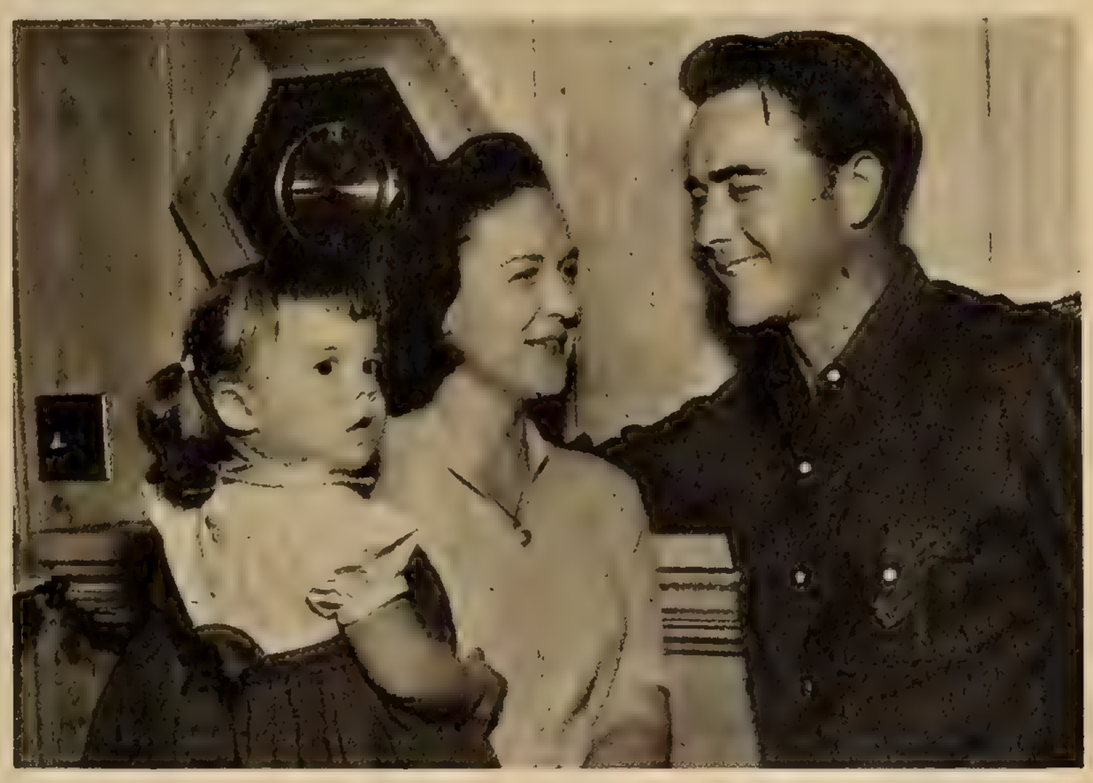
Buffalo Bill, Jr. is ideal role for Dick, who did trick riding before he was four, performed many dangerous feats as a child movie actor—without a double.



Today, his own small sons' eyes light up as he puts "He's A Dandy" through his paces. They'd love to be cowboys—Dick doesn't want them to be performers.



Melody, at 7, is already a "little mother" and a big help around the house. Dick believes in keeping close to all his children, their problems—and their prayers.



Seeing the babies off to bed, or playing bucking bronco for Rick outdoors, Dick gives thanks for the blessings—and the responsibilities—of a big family.



Dick Jones stars in the title role of *Buffalo Bill, Jr.*, a Flying A Production. See local papers for time and station.

Grand Ole Opry





Inside Nashville's Ryman Auditorium on Saturday nights, you'll see on stage 150 or more *Grand Ole Opry* performers, as shown in the typical picture on the opposite page. This crowd (above) is the eager group of spectators, who wait patiently for hours to get in.



Minnie Pearl, in her "yaller" dress and her store-bought hat, can always panic the customers with folksy stories about mythical town Grinder's Switch. Here she's laughing it up with Ferlin Husky, June Carter, and "Stringbean," the man with the low-hung pants.

There's music, comedy, dancing. Backstage it's a romp. Out front it's a riot. And year after year, Grand Ole Opry packs 'em in



Rod Brasfield greets "the Gossip of Grinder's Switch," teases Minnie about chasing the boys.

Down Nashville way, there's a hit running into its thirty-third year, and the SRO sign is still out. For half an hour Saturday evenings, every country-music lover in the country can get into the fun via the NBC radio network. Local fans collect not only this half-hour nugget of fun, but also an extra four-hour session of top comedy. For this rib-tickling session, reserved tickets are sold out two months in advance. For the less fortunate without reserved seats, the alternative is to take their chances. And the gang starts gathering at three in the afternoon for the program which is to start at 7:30 P.M. To the veteran performers of *Grand Ole Opry,* this devotion is heartwarming—to a degree which makes them knock themselves out to pay back to the audience the same love and affection. As a result, *Grand Ole Opry* is less a "show" than it is a gathering of good friends of all ages.

Grand Ole Opry emanates from Nashville over Station WSM, each Saturday night, and is heard nationally on *Monitor,* NBC Radio, from 10:30 to 11 P.M. EDT.

Continued

Grand Ole Opry

(Continued)



Gold guitars from Columbia Records for Ray Price's "Crazy Arms" and to Marty Robbins for "Singin' the Blues."



Known on air as "Solemn Old Judge," George Dewey Hay began nucleus of *Opry* back in 1925.



Singer and composer Johnny Cash, whose records are on Sun label, belts out a rendition of "I Walk the Line."



Square Dance Time on *Grand Ole Opry* brings out talented Cedar Hill group. Dance is real country-style, fast and fun! (At right) Ernest Tubb, one of *Opry's* mainstays, talks with Wilburn Brothers, Doyle and Teddy, about script changes.



Grandpa Jones blows off the roof with fast go on his five-string banjo. Grandpa's no newcomer, has been singing it up since '29.





Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee is a country-and-Western music buff, has turned up more than once on the *Grand Ole Opry* stage. Here he kids the audience at mike, with Hank Snow (left) and Ernest Tubb (right). In background are famous singers, the Carter Sisters, and members of band.



Master guitarist Chet Atkins performs as appreciative audience of top singers stands by. They're Roy Acuff and visitor Joni James.





Little Jimmy Dickens, smallest star on *Opry*, has one of the biggest voices. Only 4' 11" high, but he pours out a tall amount of song. June Carter tries to break up Jimmy's act by rolling up his pants. (Left) Lonzo and Oscar with Cousin Jody and Odie spoof the show.



Can love come to a woman after 35?

She has so much to give—to the man who can give in return. Could it be Gil? They might know real love together. But whenever they come close to fulfillment, his jealousy tears through their happiness, destroying it. Is Kurt the answer? Kurt, so sure, so shrewd. He has the power to hurt, yet a sudden gentleness made him say, "I'm starved for all the things you are." Can she choose? You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.

One Look-



Two Ways

The Terry Twins know that looking identical wins them attention—and jobs —but at times they find it more important to accent their individuality

By HARRIET SEGMAN



Arlene and Ardelle like to look alike for TV and modeling (upper right). In private life (above) they prefer different hairdos, necklines, skirt widths, heel heights, jewelry.

THERE'S such a thing as being too much one, so we work deliberately at being individuals," said Arlene Terry thoughtfully. Her "other self" —Ardelle Terry, Arlene's identical twin—nodded agreement. As the hostesses on NBC-TV's *Twenty-One*, the Terrys are probably the country's most-seen twin-team.

"When we learned that everyone thought of us as one . . ." started Ardelle, ". . . we realized that wouldn't be good for the rest of our lives," finished Arlene. They used to rely on one another to end sentences. *Now* they try to see that whoever starts talking also winds up the idea. "You have to be firm," says Ardelle. "You have to say—look here, this is my story, and I'm going to tell it . . . myself."

For TV and modeling, they own identical wardrobes for their twin look. They shop for each other, buying two-at-a-time. When going out together socially, they dress differently, wear different hairdos.

Arlene was married recently. Now that they live in separate apartments, each Terry has her own make-up kit. Before, they used to dip into the same cosmetics. They accent their blond coloring with beige make-up base and pink lipstick. Their skin-types are identical—a duet, or normal skin with an oily area around the nose—so they balance cream-cleansing with soap-and-water-plus-astringent on the oily patch. For quick make-up change on the job, both use liquid cleansing cream. They keep their fine-grained skins fresh and glowing with a gentle facial mask twice a week.

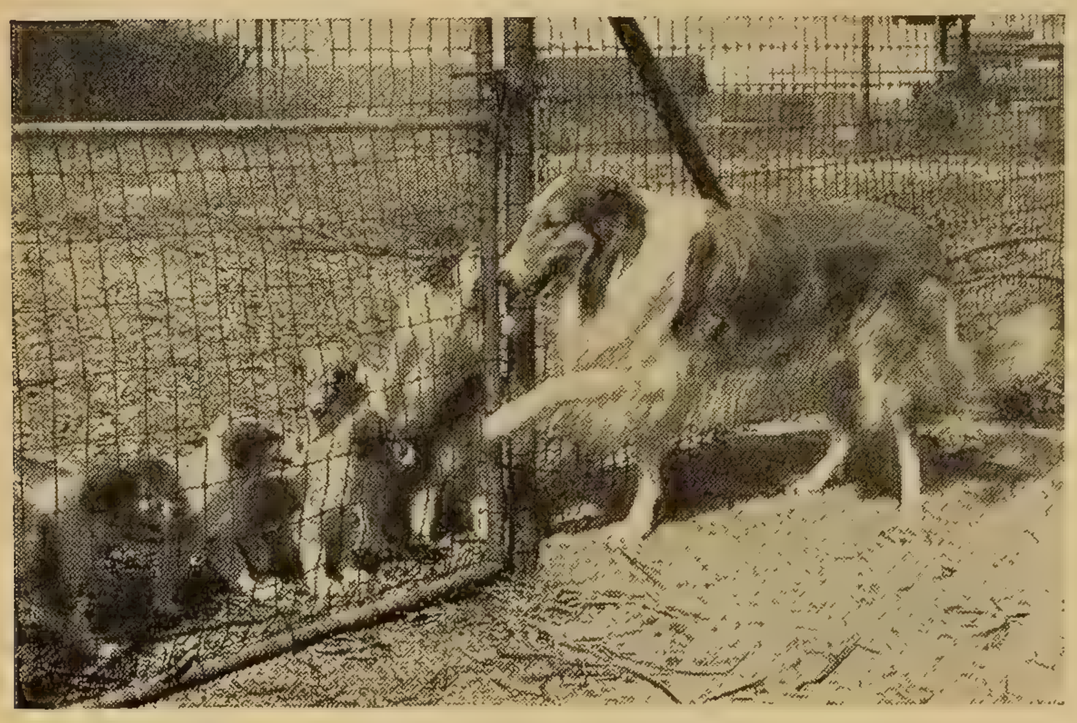
Like so many girls, Ardelle tends to get hippy if she isn't careful. The best hip-slimmer, she finds, is simply "walking on the floor sitting down, until you feel it."

Both share sensible diet ideas, stressing big salads—lettuce, tomato, cucumber, celery, with just enough dressing to wet the leaves. They mix their own dressing, soft-pedaling the oil. Menus also concentrate on meat, vegetables, greens, dark and high-protein breads. "And we snack on cheese and milk instead of candy," says Arlene. "Perhaps that's because we're from Wisconsin," adds Ardelle—as soon as she's sure Arlene has finished speaking.

A DOG'S LIFE

Lassie always behaves like a lady—

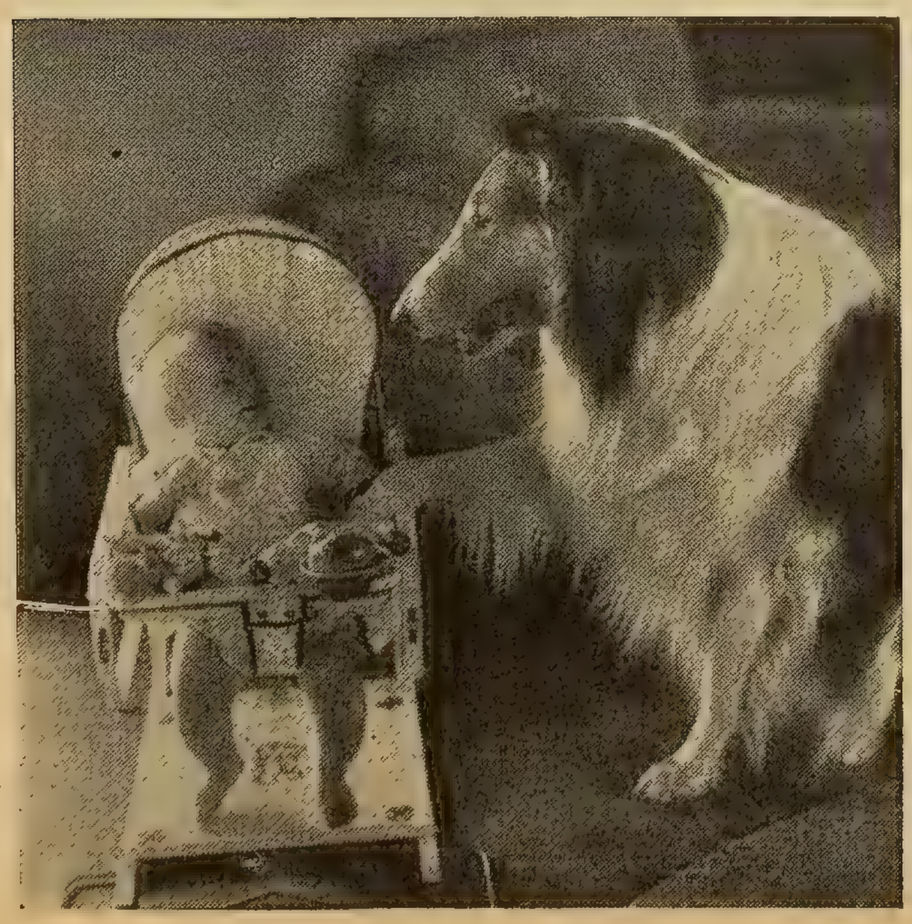
courtesy of trainer Rudd Weatherwax



Lassie's a prolific sire. In this litter, he hopes to find a follower in his paw prints for the day he retires.



Groomed as a star, Lassie's just like any Fido when it's time for a romp with Rudd's grandson.





Kindness, says Rudd Weatherwax, is the first rule in training dogs to do tricks like those Lassie performs.



TRAINER Rudd Weatherwax knew a bargain when he saw one. A prankish pup was the runt of a blue-ribbon litter of collies. When he developed the bad habit of chasing cars, the pup's owner brought him to Rudd. At the end of a week, the owner found the peace and quiet of his home so pleasant that he asked Rudd to keep the dog—in exchange for the training fee of ten dollars. For years, Rudd had trained dogs for film work and he taught the collie to sit, lie down, speak, retrieve, attack, crawl, open doors, and even yawn. His patience was rewarded when M-G-M needed a star for Eric Knight's famous dog story, "Lassie Comes Home." A series of other "Lassie" films was followed by *The Lassie Show,* the first radio show to star a dog. On TV, *Lassie* starts its fourth year this fall. . . . Lassie, who plays a female dog out of deference to the script, lives in an air-conditioned kennel and is fed raw beef when working, cooked meat when idle. With Lassie, or with any Fido, Rudd suggests four training rules: Kindness, patience, guidance (he uses a ten-foot leash at all times during training), and reward (a friendly word or a morsel of food). "I love kids, too," grins Rudd, the father of three, "but they're not as easy to train as dogs."

Lassie is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Campbell's soups.



MORSELS FOR THOUGHT

Agnes Gibbs of WCSH and WCSH-TV serves food for the body—and the mind

WOMAN'S WORK is never done and, if the woman is Agnes Freyer Gibbs, it's never dull, either. Generous in proportions and perspective, Mrs. Gibbs is firmly convinced that the kitchen is the heart of a home. But, like every good homemaker, Mrs. Gibbs is as concerned with the rise and fall of the United Nations or of interracial understanding as she is with the rise and fall of her favorite cake. In either case, she favors a rise. And, where the cake is concerned, Mrs. Gibbs' culinary lore leaves no margin for error. . . . Every weekday at half-past noon, she shares her wide range of interests on *Here's Agnes Gibbs,* heard over Station WCSH in Portland, Maine. Weekdays at two, she's on camera for WCSH-TV with a homemaking program, *A Visit With Agnes Gibbs.* Her guests on these programs have included celebrities from the fields of music, theater, writing and art, as well as "just plain folks" who have achieved "greatness" in their own communities. . . . If many of Agnes Gibbs' recipes come from faraway lands, it's only natural. Her parents were Protestant missionaries and she was born in Beirut. She lived in Syria, Japan and Capetown, South Africa, until, at the age of sixteen, she came to the United States. She received a B.S. in Education from Framingham State Teachers College in Massachusetts and was introduced to radio through her work as County Home Demonstration Agent for the Extension Service. . . . Today, Agnes Gibbs lives in a century-old Cape Cod house in Gorham, Maine. Other residents on the sixteen rambling acres include two dogs named Speckles and Percy, a cat named Imp, and a three-year-old canary named Jack. . . . One of Mrs. Gibbs' most inspiring broadcasting experiences came during a forest fire in 1947. At nine in the morning, she asked her radio listeners for donations of sandwiches for the fire-fighters. By mid-afternoon, fifteen cubic feet of sandwiches had been delivered. This heartwarming response came even though the delivery address was repeated only once. Agnes Gibbs' followers are too loyal for her to have to ask twice.



Men like to cook, too, as J. Scott Smart of radio's *Fat Man* series demonstrated on a visit with Agnes.



Just before the Alewife Festival Preview, Bob Reny, Ray Dunning and Fred Baird stopped by for a fish-fry.



Timed for the Augusta Kiwanis Pancake Festival, the natural guest for Agnes was, of course, Aunt Jemima.

YOUR PAL PALLAN

That musical signature on

KDKA signs on the tops in pops



Art's "outstanding contributions" win a plaque from Allegheny County record dealers, a buss from wife Agnes, cheers from the family (below).





Pittsburgh's Art Pallan not only spins records—he makes 'em.

WITH FIFTY THOUSAND WATTS of Station KDKA at his disposal, Art Pallan was speechless—with laryngitis. As a beginning of a new job, it was inauspicious, particularly after the fanfare that had announced that deejay Art was transferring from other local mikes. The hoopla had even included a film showing Art as guide to "The New Pittsburgh" and the airing of Art's show over New York's independent WINS, this last to share with New York agency time-buyers a knowledge that Pittsburgh already had—namely, that "Your Pal Pallan's" easy, pleasant style was low on gimmicks and high on the best-listening lists. . . . Now in fine voice, Art spins records and provides household tips each Monday through Saturday from 10 to noon. The ladies are joined by the rush-hour crowd and the teenagers as Art provides music, news, weather and traffic reports each weekday from 3 to 7 P.M. And, since that original hoarse beginning, the only thing that has separated Art's clear tones from his listeners' ears has been the Atlantic Ocean, which Art crossed for an on-the-scene report of the Hungarian tragedy. . . . Modest and likeable, Art was born in Braddock, Pennsylvania, some thirty-odd years ago. He sang bass in his high-school quartet, started his career as a local announcer in 1942, when he was graduated from Brentwood High, and, with time out for the war, rose to a deejay's rank. Then he began singing again, first just limbering up on a chorus of somebody else's record, then waxing his own. His coupling of "Lonesome" and "Land of Dreams" was awarded free to 2,000 people to induce charity contributions for Pittsburgh's Children's Hospital. . . . Silent on his outstanding war record, Art is vocal about his family. He met his wife Agnes when she phoned in a record request. Art complied and the calls continued until they met in-person and married, just three months later. Suburbanites now, they have four children: Andrea, 12; Ann, 8; Artha, 7; and Arthur, 2. Art's a member of the local Sportsmen's Club and wiles away the non-musical hours with sketching, painting, modeling, photography, and sculpting figures on apples which, he says, dry to make realistic art forms. His favorite recordings are by Como, Nat Cole and Ella Fitzgerald, but he never knocks anybody's records. "If you don't like 'em," says Art, "don't play 'em on the air."

Sullivan's Travels

(*Continued from page* 18)

Also Rises." I didn't know what to expect in Mexico, but I think I had a hazy picture of a rather lazy people, judging from the caricatures we've seen in America. Instead, director Henry King told us at the studio that the Mexican movie staffers and crews were the most competent and skilled workers he had ever met. He said, too, that their enthusiasm for the picture they were engaged in making had been a fantastic experience to all of the Americans from Hollywood.

Because of Ed's TV work, which requires him to travel around the world in search of talent, I have been singularly fortunate in going to such places as Brazil, Argentina, Rome, Paris, London, Madrid, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Honolulu, Budapest, Bermuda, Zurich, Berlin, Munich, Jamaica, Dublin, Osaka, Brussels, Amsterdam and Tokyo.

Every city was a revelation to us and a revision of pre-formed ideas on the people who live there. We've always found that people all over the world are pretty much the same. The affection of parents for their children is identical. The respect of people for the moral code embodied in the Ten Commandments is identical. We've found that people treat you just the way you treat them. In other words, it's the old story of getting out of life exactly what you put into it. Rudeness is the incubator for rudeness. Friendliness begets friendliness. There is no language barrier that can't be dissolved by a smile.

Traveling with Ed is very exciting. One minute I might be sitting in our apartment making a telephone date to have lunch with a friend the following day—and the instant I hang up the phone, Ed will say, "We're going to Europe tomorrow." I never ask why or wherefore. As long as I know where we're going, I walk into my closet, select the appropriate things, and am ready to go at a moment's notice.

This is how Ed and I always travel—without any preliminary planning and mostly on the spur of the moment. I prefer it that way. It's much more exciting than sitting around planning and making elaborate preparations or worrying whether you have the right things to wear.

Ever since we were married, Ed and I have done a great deal of traveling. Because we don't believe in planning and waiting for convenient times, we take advantage of every opportunity to go places. We're not believers in waiting until we have a lot of time, or leisure. We feel it's best to travel when you can enjoy it, rather than wait until you're rich enough to afford it. By that time, you're generally too sick or feeble to get the most pleasure out of it!

When Ed heard that his show was to be pre-empted for the Rodgers and Hammerstein production of "Cinderella" this past March 31st, he immediately decided it would be a good time to take advantage of the opportunity to fly over to Europe. I was packed the minute he made the suggestion. We had twelve days in Europe and traveled to Rome, Switzerland, Munich, Vienna, Paris, and Berlin—both East and West zones.

In Rome, the Italian film stars gave a large party for Ed in appreciation of all he has done to make them as well known in America as they are in their native land. The Excelsior Hotel in Rome's beautiful Via Veneto was filled with top European celebrities. John Wayne, director Henry Hathaway, Jo Van Fleet, Rossano Brazzi and many others were also there.

The following day, Ed had to go out to the set where John Wayne was filming

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150. Jeff Hunter
152. Marge and Gower Champion
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180. Lucille Ball
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187. Jeff Richards
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207. Eddie Fisher
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"Legend of the Lost." This left me with time to shop, and I love shopping in Rome, particularly along the famous Via Condotti with its fabulous shops. No matter how many times I've been to Rome, the sight of that elegant flight of stone steps at the Piazza D'Espagna always makes me think I'm on a movie set, and the Vatican Museum filled with its priceless collection of ecclesiastical treasures fills me with awe. So, whenever I have a few hours to myself, I wander through my favorite places.

If it were up to me, I'd spend most of these trips just browsing around the towns and cities we visit. But Ed is more realistic. He knows that we don't have too much time. He believes in getting a good general idea of a place and then seeing the chief points of interest.

Ed is a very meticulous traveler and traveling with him has taught me a great many useful things. In the first place, both of us travel with a minimum of luggage. We only take things we're sure we will wear on the trip. Since we know what countries we will visit and know what the weather will be like, we take appropriate clothing. Most important of all, we are always at the plane ahead of time. Ed is very punctual and is always the first one at the plane.

Ed and I made our first trip to Europe in 1936 and have been going back for a few days, a week or longer, whenever time permits. In 1940, we wanted to go somewhere for a vacation but neither one of us had any idea where to go. Ed was appearing at Loew's State Theater on Broadway, at that time, and, one night after his show, we were walking along Broadway and passed a travel agency that had posters of South America in the window. Ed turned to me and said, "How would you like to go to South America?" I said I'd love it. "All right, we're going." And he went in and arranged passage then and there.

At another time, our daughter Betty and her husband Bob Precht were in New York from Washington spending Thanksgiving Day with us. Betty was six months pregnant at the time. During dinner, Ed was talking about Betty's birthday, which was December 29. He said we should plan to do something in celebration—and then, out of a clear sky, he turned to Bob and Betty and said, "How about going to Europe for Christmas?"

Bob couldn't hide the look of amazement that spread over his face. He didn't know that was the way Ed did things. But, then and there, Ed arranged for us to spend Christmas and New Year's in Europe. We ate Betty's birthday cake up in the air over Europe, en route from London to France.

Before Betty was married, and whenever it was possible to have her along without interfering with her schooling, Ed and I always had her accompany us on our travels.

It is a constant source of surprise to me, whenever we're in foreign countries, how many people recognize Ed during our visits. We may be walking down the street of a European city and people will greet him by name. Of course, at airports and railroad stations, there are always apt to be people who know Ed very well. On our last trip, we stopped at a Swiss airport for a little while and ran into Sonja Henie. It happens all the time.

Our recent European trip was a succession of interesting highlights. Wherever we went, we saw things that we shall always remember. Ed and I had wanted to go to East Berlin but, whenever we mentioned this to anyone, they immediately discouraged us. They predicted all sorts of dire things. But I personally thought it might be interesting to see a completely different side of life. So, with all sorts of warnings ringing in our ears, with admonitions not to dare step out of our car, we set out. We refused to be frightened. Of course we didn't want to get involved in any unpleasant situation that might reflect upon us as citizens of the United States. We simply wanted to go as tourists and to see if all the stories we heard were really true.

East Berlin made a deep and definite impression on me. It was almost like being right inside Russia itself. We visited the cemetery where the heroes of the Battle of Berlin lie buried. We saw the huge somber statues of Mother Russia and the soldiers with guns and helmets standing guard over the dead. We saw the huge slabs set on the ground in memory of the battles and, inside the huge memorial, the names of the men who died in the Battle of Berlin.

We stopped at the main square of the sector and there was a feeling of austerity and unquestionable discipline in the atmosphere that made us happier than ever that we were Americans.

In the American sector of Berlin, everything was different. The very looks on the faces of the people plainly signified that they were not living under the yoke of oppression. They knew how to laugh and smile and be happy. We went to Resi, one of the large night clubs frequented by Americans and particularly the G.I.'s. As we entered, the American soldiers there recognized Ed and a great cheer of welcome greeted him. Then, they swarmed around him asking questions about home. Ed answered all those questions and then asked some himself. He took messages for their families and, when we got back to the states, he saw that each message was delivered to its destination.

The Resi is a huge night club with almost continuous entertainment. Each table has its own telephone and a dialing system enabling one patron to talk to another. Naturally, Ed's phone was kept busy all evening long. They also had an interesting system of communication by which messages were transmitted through pneumatic tubes. This also enables patrons to communicate with each other and was particularly popular with the G.I's.

The next day, Ed and I went to visit a television station in Berlin. As we walked into the studio, again a hearty welcoming cheer greeted us. By coincidence, on that very day, a group of thirty young American students under the sponsorship of the New York *Herald Tribune* were visiting Berlin. Naturally, the young people recognized Ed—but they were amazed at seeing him there!

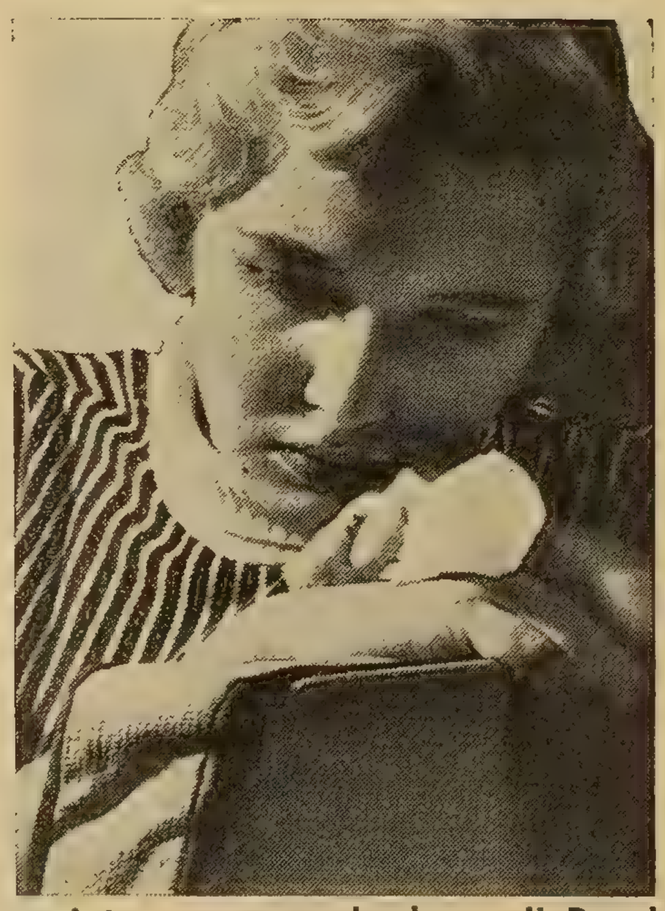
Whether it's in night clubs, theaters or in a tiny cafe, Ed is always on the alert for new and unusual talent. In Paris, he loves to watch the street circus stationed there permanently. Sometimes, the performers he sees quite by accident eventually wind up on his CBS television show. If anyone mentions an unusual singer or performer, Ed will interrupt his itinerary to catch it. That's why his show has so much foreign talent that would otherwise never be seen by the vast American television viewers. And that's why, wherever we go in Europe, people seem to know him. He is regarded as a sort of ambassador-without-portfolio and, in almost all the countries we visit, they constantly tell us he has done more to establish a strong bond of friendship with the United States than any other person in the field of entertainment.

There is definitely a logical explanation for this. Ed is always interested in the individual. It doesn't matter to him where the performer may come from or what color or creed he may be. If the person excels in his particular type of field, if he or she is tops as an entertainer, that's enough for Ed.

No matter where we go, Ed is interested in the people. He stops and chats with shopkeepers, porters and waiters. He talks to the streetcar conductors, the elevator operators, the taxi drivers and the policemen. As for me, I can never get enough of wandering through foreign towns and cities, observing everything that goes on. Sometimes months later, back in New York or at our Connecticut farm, I'll suddenly recall how a little street or square in a corner of Paris looked. And, no matter how many times I've been there, I always feel nostalgia and a desire to return.

Being married to Ed is exciting. Because both of us are ready to go any place at a moment's notice, our travels have been filled with fun and enjoyment. There are so many places I'd love to revisit. But I am also hoping that some day Ed and I can manage to get to Israel, to Africa and to India. Who knows? Maybe tomorrow morning, Ed might suddenly turn to me and say, "Better pack a bag, Sylvia, we're going to Madagascar."

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Hilltop House

(*Continued from page* 44)

even begun to fight a way back toward success—to make a new career in the place where he'd made his first.

Julie saw that her expression was proud. She was glad. Phil was proud, desperately so, and it was part of her disaster that his pride would not let him permit her to share his misfortune. He would be ashamed to offer only poverty to the woman he loved. But that same pride gave him courage to fight when everything looked blackest, and Julie now felt pride in his courage. It worked.

She dressed, remembering every word of his letter as she moved about her room. At once she could see the words he'd written as they appeared upon the paper, and the images the words evoked. He'd been filled with despair at the beginning. But, very oddly, another woman had brought him out of it and back to this new resolution and this new enterprise which might—which must—which would mean that they would yet be happy together.

A former sweetheart, one Dolores, had sought him out, he said, and Julie read between the lines and knew that she'd tried to revive a love affair long ended. She'd failed because Phil loved Julie and could not cease to love her. So the letter told much more than Phil intended, and all of it was matter for pride. He'd bought an ancient cargo plane in such bad condition that no one else would touch it. He'd repaired it with his own hands, and it flew. He was a competent pilot. He'd set up a one-plane charter service, flying air freight to places where other pilots preferred not to risk landings. Because he would fly where other men would not, his services were already in demand. In a little while, he could buy a second plane. If all went well, there could still be happiness for them . . .

He ignored the hatred of his brother Lloyd, and the diseased vindictiveness with which Lloyd had tried to avenge an injury which had never been inflicted. Phil's letter was carefully less than optimistic, but it implied a tenderness and a resolution so complete that, when she first read it, Julie felt all the warmth and happiness a woman feels when she knows she is beloved by the one man who really counts. But that was a long time ago, now.

Her dressing was finished. She looked at herself again. The sunshine in the windows was no longer mockery. The warm soft breeze was no longer merely air in motion. The bird songs ceased to be derision. By calling upon herself for courage, she had brought herself out of one of the blackest of morning moods and to one which, if it was not cheerfulness, was at least a sturdy resolution which could substitute for it.

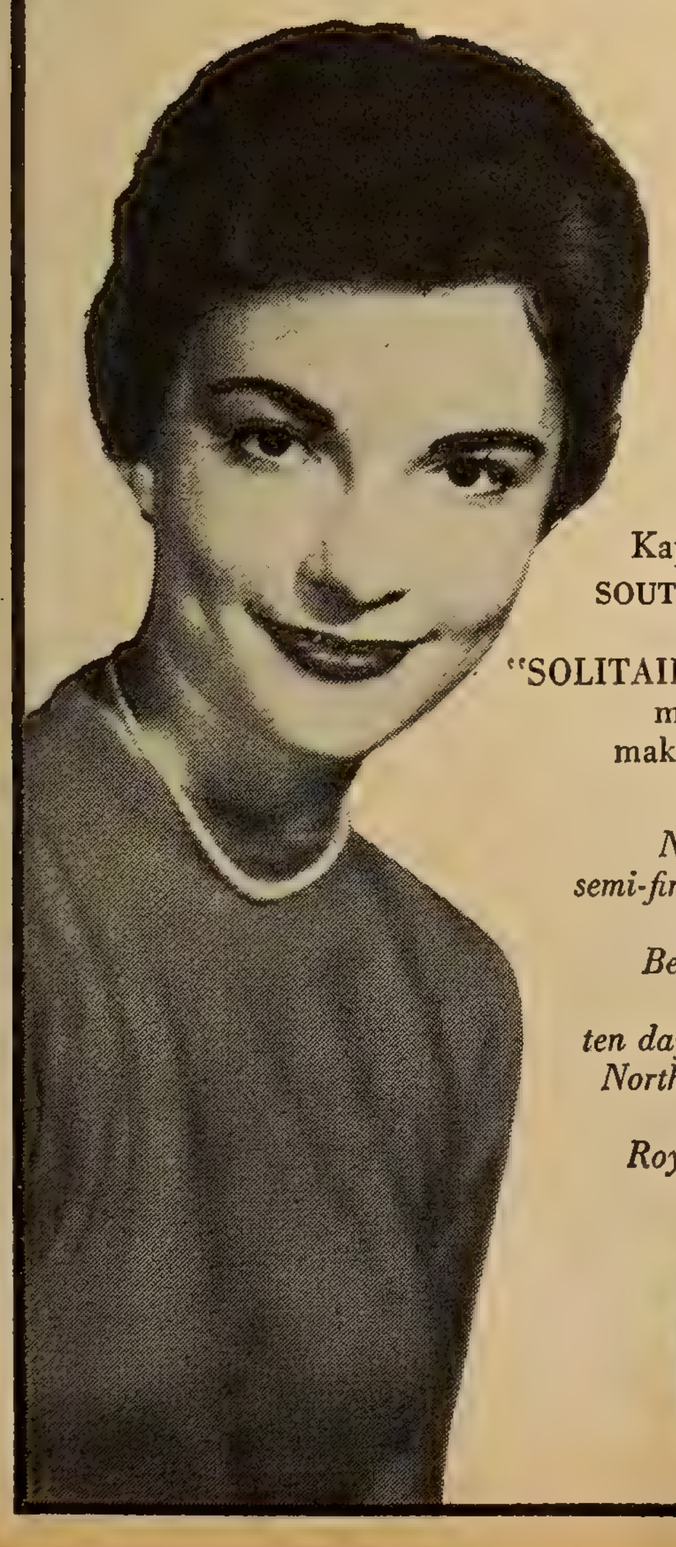
"It's not too bad!" she told her reflection with increasing bravery. "I've just got to wait! And Phil hasn't given up. He'll manage. So can I. The question is—"

The question was, of course, how to make waiting endurable. As she left her room, she pondered the question with a new urgency. For years, until now, she'd had something to fill her every waking moment. There'd been Hilltop House and the children there. . . . She felt a wistful warmth at memory of those who'd needed her so terribly, and whom she had been able to help. Then she caught the note of regret in her own thoughts, and thrust it aside. Karen was head of Hilltop House now. Karen was young, but she was sweet and lovable and intelligent, and she had taken over the work Julie'd chosen her to do. Julie should not try to interfere there, even though Terry was a problem to be solved . . . Terry was a teen-age girl frantically hungry to be loved and to belong somewhere with someone . . . and Mark would be a problem presently . . .

Going down the stairs, Julie called a halt to those thoughts. Those problems were Hilltop House problems. She had separated herself from Hilltop House so she could marry Phil. She must not offer advice or help to Karen unless Karen asked for it. It would be disastrous, even to the children, to have divided counselors.

Counselors. David, who ran the Clinic for Potential Delinquents near Hilltop, because he'd lived at the Hilltop House orphanage when he was a boy. The years he'd spent there were the most crucial of his childhood, and he knew that the help and guidance given him had provided the stability which now made him one of the nation's foremost authorities in child psychology. He'd had his own tragedies, too . . .

Julie reached the bottom of the stairs. It was good to think of David. If she'd helped even one neglected, unwanted child to grow toward being a man like David, her years at Hilltop House were not wasted! And he was her friend. She owed very much to him. It had been David who, when she first took charge of Hilltop House, showed her very gently that the orphanage was not merely a



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refuge in which she could live absorbed in the love of the Hilltop children and their need of her. He'd made her see that she must not cut herself off from everything outside the House to live upon her memories. He'd made her see that, to give the children courage to accept even losses by death with bravery, she must be the embodiment of it. And she felt rueful that this morning she'd lacked all courage.

She prepared her breakfast. She thought of Phil, of course, but she was aware of a deep gratitude to and affection for David. When he helped her most, he'd been married himself—and his marriage was a tragedy, in spite of his young daughter Felicia. Knowing of her love for Phil now, Julie felt a sort of wonder that, for a time, she'd had to struggle against falling in love with David. But that was done with. There was Phil.

She sat down to her coffee, aware that she must make some decision and find some activity while waiting for Phil's new career to come to fruition. She must find some useful work to do which she could resign without damage when Phil was ready to marry her.

The coffee was good. The eggs and toast were perfect. The room in which she breakfasted was bright and colorful, and the sunshine outside was now contagiously cheerful. There was no lessening of her longing to be with Phil, in South America or anywhere else. But, by summoning courage, she'd made this day into something more than so many hours to be endured. Now it was a day in which to plan for that period, whether long or short, in which she must wait for Phil to achieve that material success without which he would be ashamed to have her share his life.

She spread a little extra butter on a bit of toast, aware of an odd satisfaction, now that she faced her problem squarely. Perhaps she could help David at the Clinic. Certainly—though it would in no sense be work—she could be of some use to Felicia, David's daughter. Felicia's life had been tragic, too. David's marriage to her mother had been bitterly unhappy, and Felicia had known that her mother was the cause of it. She'd felt a terrible guilt because she could feel no grief when her mother was killed in an accident. Julie had been able to help her then, and Felicia adored her now. She could give Felicia something of the capacity a woman needs, for loving without reward.

She heard footsteps, and a moment later the doorbell rang. She went to answer it. The footsteps were Felicia's. She came often to see Julie, dashing in and out with a heartwarming confidence in being welcome. But, when Julie opened the door, she was astonished at the doleful look on Felicia's face.

"I—I came to ask you something," said Felicia in a strained voice. "It's—rather important. I don't know what to think . . ."

"I'm about to have my second cup of coffee," said Julie, smiling. "Come in and tell me and think it out as you talk."

"Th-thanks," Felicia said hesitantly. "I can always ask you anything. This time, perhaps I shouldn't. But—you're the one person in the world I know will always let me tell the whole truth and not blame me."

Julie led the way to where the coffee pot waited. With the professional knowledge acquired at Hilltop House, she noted that Felicia looked distressed, but not ashamed. It was, then, not a problem of something she'd done, but of something she felt she should do—and didn't like.

"One good way to face the truth is to say it," she observed. "Sit here, Felicia. I'll get a cup of hot coffee for you."

She did. In even that brief moment, she made her decision. She would ask David if she could join him at the Clinic for Potential Delinquents. They were friends and could work together, without constraint, at something they both considered the most important work in the world. She could turn the dreary time of waiting for Phil into a time of accomplishment. And to guide even one child away from the desperate unhappiness of meaningless revolt would be justification and payment for her postponement of happiness with Phil.

She poured coffee for Felicia and sat down. She found herself smiling. When she'd heard Felicia's problem, she'd tell her of the decision just made. It would be deeply satisfying. David's friendship and the work she knew . . .

"What's the trouble, Felicia?"

"It's my father," said Felicia. She gulped, not touching the coffee. "He—Karen Whitfield has fallen in love with him."

Julie sat very still. When she and David were thrown together in the old days, by the work David did with the children at Hilltop House, she'd had to struggle against falling in love with David, herself. His wife was still alive then. It would be wholly natural for Karen, now that his wife was dead . . .

"You can't be sure, Felicia," she said gently. But inside she felt a sense of shock. "No one can help liking your father. You may be mistaking—"

Felicia stammered. She'd seen Karen, who seemed so composed and efficient—she'd seen Karen touch her father's coat when he was not in the room. She saw Karen longingly kiss its sleeve. And then Karen saw that Felicia had seen, and went desperately white. She tried for a moment to pass it off, and then pleadingly asked Felicia not to tell anyone, especially her father . . .

Julie did not move. She, herself, was going to marry Phil. There was no reason why Karen and David should not marry, if David came to wish it. If he'd been free to marry when she first went to Hilltop House, even she . . . But Karen would be good for David. And for Felicia.

"What should I do?" asked Felicia unhappily. She said with a sudden, halting rush of words. "I've—always hoped my father would marry you. Even when you—got engaged to someone else, I—hoped you'd change your mind. When you came back, the marriage postponed, I—I even prayed that you would! I've been hoping—oh, so much!—that you would marry him someday because you'd—be so different from my mother and he'd be so happy with you—and I'd be happy, too!"

Julie hoped she wasn't pale. She spoke gently. Later—much later—she was able to be amazed that she had said just the right things to Felicia. But they were right. They were the things Felicia was just a little too young to think out for herself, but which she could realize were right when Julie said them, and which she would adopt as a guide.

David, said Julie quietly, was entitled to happiness if the means to his happiness was not harm to anyone else. Felicia was entitled to be happy, too—but not at the cost of her father's future joy. Undoubtedly, she could hinder the growth of love between Karen and her father. She could spoil her father's happiness, if she chose. But she could not make him happy. She could only let him find it for himself. That would be doing what was good for him. If she preferred that what was good for him should be a certain thing—why, if it was not that thing. . . .

"You're saying that I—want him to be happy," Felicia said unsteadily. "I do. Especially after what he had while I was growing up. You're saying that I can't decide for him what will make him happy. And that, though I may wish it were something else—if I can't have what I want a certain way, I just have to have it the way it can be had. I—I want my father to have what he deserves." She swallowed. "Only . . . I think he—deserves you."

She went away, leaving her coffee untouched. But she carried her head high. Now she wouldn't betray Karen's pitiful secret. She wouldn't inject bitterness into Karen's life, or David's. If they married, she'd try hard to help. . . . She'd grown a little more mature in the past few moments. She was nearer to being the woman she could someday be.

Julie continued to sit very still. Her second cup of coffee grew cold before her. Her decision was reversed, now. She could no longer ask to work with David at the Clinic. She must stand aside so David and Karen would have their chance at happiness—if what they wanted was each other. Her presence at the Clinic would mean fear, for Karen. She would be tormented by the closeness of David and Julie. She might grow bitter because of lost hope.

But Julie had lost her one prospect of filling with accomplishment the time she must wait for Phil to meet the demands of his own pride. She faced again what she'd confronted on first awakening. Months or even years of empty waiting, in which she could not fulfill the need of anybody, anywhere. Not Phil. Not any lonely, defiant child. . . .

The postman came up the steps and rang the bell. He went away. Almost numbly, Julie went to see what he had left. There was a single letter—with a South American stamp on it. Julie's heart leaped. Then it sank again. The handwriting on the envelope was not Phil's. Foreboding assailed her. Her hands shook as she tore it open.

The letter was from that Dolores who had been Phil's sweetheart once upon a time, but who had not been able to reawaken his love. With bitterness, because she was writing to the woman Phil did love—but with grief besides—she told Julie what had happened to Phil. He had accepted a charter for his repaired cargo plane (which, Dolores said, now seemed to have been arranged by his brother Lloyd). He'd taken off. He did not land at his destination. He was missing. But there were rumors that he'd crashed in the jungle, and that his burned plane and perhaps his body had been found by the Indians of a remote jungle village. Dolores told Julie drearily that she herself believed the plane had been sabotaged. Lloyd.

Like an automaton, Julie found herself climbing the stairs to her bedroom. Like a robot, she found herself pulling out a suitcase. Without any conscious mental process, she found herself packing. She knew, without deciding at all, that she was going to South America. She was going to find the Indian village—however remote or savage it might be—near which Phil had crashed. She was going to find Phil.

A little while since, she felt she had relearned the lesson of courage. Now she knew she had not. She could face the possibility that in that village she might find Phil crippled or hideously disfigured. She would not care. But she couldn't let her mind dwell for the fraction of an instant on the fact that he might be dead. She couldn't face that! She couldn't!

She packed for traveling, forcing her mind to the immediate task at hand. . . .

Keeping Up With The Joneses

(*Continued from page* 50)

in much the same manner and with as much love as he spends on his own brood of four: Melody, 8; Ricky, 5½; and the twins, Jennafer and Jeffrey, born August 21, 1955.

But, with four in his brood at home, Dick would be the first to agree that here the resemblance between Buffalo Bill, Jr. and Dick Jones ends. "There is absolutely nothing," says Dick, "that compares with the experience of running a home with four children in it . . . unless it's the experience of a home with five children. . . .

"Take this morning, for example," Dick grins. "My wife went to a fashion show, and I'm left with the duty. Unfortunately, Melody, who acts like a second mother, is down with the mumps. While trying to show Rick how to build a castle out of blocks, and potty-train Jennafer, and run a bath for Jeff, and squeeze juice for Melody, I've got my hands full.

"Great man that he was, I'm not sure even Buffalo Bill, Senior, could have handled it. I don't know how Betty manages—yet, when I'm away on tour and she's here alone with the four of them, Betty runs this little bungalow like a well-oiled sewing machine."

Dick and Betty met when he was fifteen years old and she thirteen. "You know the old saying," smiles Dick. "'I saw this girl and right away knew that she was the one for me.' That's the way I felt about Betty. I was sitting in Sherman's Record Bar, over on Wilshire Boulevard, with Gwynn Bacon. We were listening to 'That Old Black Magic' when Betty walked in and picked up a 'Peter and the Wolf' album. I thought she was cute. Seeing the album title, I decided to be real funny and whistle like a wolf. Nudging Gwynn, I said, 'Hey, boy, look at that dish . . .' and he said, 'Aw, don't bother me—she's just my sister.'"

Betty says that, at the time, she thought Dick was too "Hollywood." Dick remembers that getting that first date wasn't easy. "Betty wouldn't go out with me," he blushes. "I don't think I had a very good reputation in junior high school. Don't misunderstand . . . I didn't get into any trouble. But, because I was working steadily, I had a car of my own—that, at only fourteen. Today, you have to be at least sixteen. Even in those days, a boy with a car at fourteen was looked on as a hot-rod kid. Yet I had to use it to take me to the Valley and back and forth to the studios.

"I finally had to twist her brother's arm—not literally, of course—to get him to help me get a date. Betty finally agreed to go to a Hi-Y dance, on the stipulation that we double-date with Gwynn. He was the Hi-Y president, and I was a member. Once there, I naturally wanted to 'be alone' with my date and cooked up some story so that we finally lost brother Gwynn. Betty was kind of upset. But when I took her for a drive, bought her a Coke and me a cup of coffee—had to look like the 'older man,' don't you know—and then straight home, why, she decided I was a gentleman, after all.

"There's never been anybody else in my life but Betty," Dick says proudly. We went out every Friday and Saturday night from then on, mostly to dances and football games. Then she used to come over to my house to play monopoly, and I went over to hers to play canasta. She always beat me," he grins.

"Then we were separated for two years," Betty sorrowfully continues describing their courtship, "when Dick went to New York to do the *Henry Aldrich* show. Oh, you know how teenagers ache when they are in love and separated! Goodness, we wrote to one another every day, it seems.

"Our romance really got serious when Dick returned—he was going to Glendale Junior College and I was at Los Angeles J. C. On the night of November 21, 1947—I'll remember the day till I die—he popped the question. We were at the Cocoanut Grove, when all of a sudden he brought out the ring! I was so surprised I could only say, 'Yes . . .' We can't help it, I guess, but we are both so sentimental, it's foolish . . . so we set the date then and there for April ninth. That was the day we first started going together—neither of us had forgotten.

"We were married at the Hollywood Christian Church. Dick's aunt's husband was his best man. We had identical gold bands made, and today I've yet to take off my wedding ring—though the engagement ring comes off for the dishes. Poor Dick has been doing so much stunt work since our marriage that his hands have changed, what with broken knuckles and so forth. So he can't wear his wedding ring on the third finger—wears it on his little finger instead, and is never without it unless he's in some sort of a fight scene."

Dick has had a rugged life as an actor ever since he was a child. As a youngster, he worked consistently in Westerns because he could do his own horse and stunt work. There was the wagon wreck with Errol Flynn in "Virginia City," where for seconds it seemed as if Dick were about to lose his life, but was jerked out of danger at the last instant. And, in a Wild Bill Elliott picture, Dick did a horse fall in front of a stampede with a quick "pick up"

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—again just in the nick of time. The studios loved Dick. When he worked, they didn't have to hire a double.

Dick is at home on a horse because he's been part of Western show business ever since he was three years old. He was born Richard P. Jones in Snyder, Texas, some twenty-five years ago, and his mother had him trick-riding and roping—and playing a ukulele—when he was three-and-a-half. "My mother taught me all the stunts," says Dick wonderingly, "and, to this day, I've been trying to figure out where she learned them."

At four, Dick had a pet black pony. "He was no bigger than a shepherd dog," he reminisces. "Used to follow me around like a pup—even came into the house. We trained him to do all sorts of tricks, but later sold him to a rodeo. I was sorry to see him go. A bit later I had me a spotted mare, ten hands tall, that I did all my tricks on. One dark night, coming home from a show and parade, I was cutting across the back pasture and we got tangled up with a cow on a stake chain. Poor horse broke a leg and I almost broke my neck.

"In those days, it seems something was always happening to me. Temporarily without a horse, I turned to putting on impromptu rodeos with the dairy cows on the farm behind us. I'd round up all the kids in the neighborhood and we'd take to roping and riding the milk cows and just generally raising Cain in the dairy. Farmer was right irritated."

When Dick was only four-and-a-half—and working a Dallas rodeo—cowboy star Hoot Gibson said those classical words, "You ought to be in pictures." His mother was all for it and, by the time Dick turned five, he was settled on Hoot's ranch in Saugus, California. "There," Dick recalls, "I rode Tumbleweed, the greatest bucking horse in the world. Tumbleweed and I would trot from the ranch to the rodeo, about a mile-and-a-half down the road. I'd be on him in the Grand Entry, then we'd put him in the bucking chute—where he'd go out and promptly buck off his rider. Then I'd get back aboard and nonchalantly ride him back to the barn.

"While I lived with Hoot," Dick continues, "he took me around to the studios. My first role was in a Warner Bros. picture called 'Wonder Bar.' For a week, I was one of the angels flying around Stage 13 on a wire—eating watermelon. I later made eleven pictures with Buck Jones. I never made a picture with Hoot.

"There's one thing that Betty and I agree on for our children," Dick says seriously. "We hope they won't want to be performers—at least, child performers. I think it's too hard on a youngster. I know from my own experience. With working most of the time, and moving from school to school, I had little chance to make friends. And youngsters all have a need to belong to a group.

"It may be easy for some kids, but it was tough for me. I didn't want to go to a professional school, either—that would only make me all the more 'different.' I wanted to go to public school and lead a normal life like the other kids on the block. Today, I still have a hard time accepting myself as an actor. Every once in a while, as I walk in my front door, I'll say to myself, 'Now just who am I? Buffalo Bill, Jr. —or Dick West—or some character out of another movie? Or am I Dick Jones, family man and father? What's my name as I walk in the door of my own house?' Believe me, to me it's a problem . . . I call it 'professional schizophrenia.'

"I think our faith has helped us a great deal with this problem," says Dick. "When Betty and I were somewhat younger, I was more hotheaded. I didn't like being called 'the next John Barrymore'—not even when I knew I was being ribbed. But some of the kids in school gave me a bad time. And, when they did, Betty said, 'Dick, you simply give those people a Christian witness and they will leave you alone . . .' So our religion has become the bulwark of our family."

Betty and Dick belong to the Hollywood Christian Group, made up mostly of Hollywood performers, and, once they had joined, found they couldn't get enough to satisfy their spiritual hunger. Dick is now on the group's board of directors, and their week revolves around its meetings. "Betty belongs to a Christian sorority," he says, "goes to a weekly breakfast, holds two prayer meetings each week with the folks in the neighborhood, and goes to church on Sunday. I go to the Wednesday-morning breakfast, to Friday-night group meetings and—if I'm not on the road—to church on Sunday."

Despite road trips, Dick has been home for the birth of all four of his and Betty's children. "I was new at the game when Melody arrived," he smiles, "but I'm an old hand now! When Melody was due, we had an apartment down near U.S.C. One morning, about three A.M., Betty nudged me in the back, saying, 'I think you better call the doctor.' Our first baby was almost here! I was running around the house trying to get dressed, trying to get Betty ready, trying to call the doctor—and not doing a very complete job of anything.

"I'd heard that if you held a white handkerchief out the window of the automobile, if a police officer saw you, he would understand it was a maternity case and lead you to the hospital. At three o'clock in the morning, we didn't see any police officers but a couple of folks we passed must have thought I was crazy driving sixty miles an hour with one hand out the window. To say the least, I was pretty excited about our first-born.

"For Ricky, I was calm, cool and collected," he insists. "I was just going down to the barn to work my horse, when Betty said again, 'You'd better call the doctor.' We took Melody along with us, but the doctor said the baby wouldn't arrive until 1:30. Melody was disappointed with the wait, finally lost patience and said, 'I can't wait any longer . . . I want to go out and play.' So I took her over to her grandmother's house, came back about one. At 1:35, the doctor announced over the PA system, 'Come upstairs, Dick, and look at your new son.'

"Then, the day the twins arrived—talk about excitement! August 21, 1955, was the greatest day in our life. I was supposed to work the Coliseum Rodeo, but I had a sneaking suspicion that something might happen early, so I withdrew. Sure enough, at ten A.M., Betty gave me the signal. We got to the hospital in minutes, and the first baby was born at 12:35, the second at 12:40. With it all, Betty had an easy time with the twins. Me, I'm not sure I've recovered yet.

"Melody was proud as punch of the twins. She's a great little mother," says Dick. Betty adds, "For a while, young Rick felt left out of things. But we spent a great deal of time with him. Dick, for example, takes him to the lumber yard to pick out wood for a continuing do-it-yourself project he has going on in our rather small Burbank home—eleven hundred square feet was never meant for a family of six! And they'll work on Dick's miniature boats together, or in the lathe house in back—Dick was a carpenter after his Army career in the war. When we go camping, Rick collects the firewood, Dick builds the fire and catches the fish. Camping is a community affair.

"But most important," she continues, "Dick takes young Rick with him to the stables to work his horse 'He's A Dandy.' Rick thinks his dad is the greatest hero since George Washington, and, when he watches his dad on 'Dan,' he gets a worshipping look in his eyes. He even tries to dress like Dick, in levis and Western shirts —when we go shopping, Rick always wants one 'just like Dad's.' I know we're going to have a hard time keeping him from becoming anything but a cowboy. Already, he can jump and leap around like an Indian and, being imitative, can do almost as many tricks as his dad.

"But, more than anything," continues Betty, "Dick and I would like to encourage the children to lead a Christian life. For example, in trying to teach them about the Bible, we have verse cards in a dish at the table which they draw out to read before each meal. Here is one, for example, Proverbs 3, verse 9: 'Honor the Lord with thy substance.' They read one of these biblical verses and then we discuss it, trying to bring out what it means to them in particular. We try to illustrate the verse in terms of their own experience, in terms of the problems they now face in school.

"We always say our prayers at night, before we go to bed, and a grace before each meal. We sometimes have a round-robin at the table where the children make up their own thanks as we go around. In the evening prayer, Dick and I generally begin first, trying to give them an idea of some of the things they might want to include—then they are on their own. They pray for all their little friends, and for Daddy when he is away. One time, Ricky, then only two-and-a-half, said, 'Please, God, take care of my pal Robbie's dead dog . . . he was one of my friends.' That's the sort of thing that makes you feel your effort pays off.

"Above all," says Betty Jones, "we never try to judge their prayers, to criticize their content or correct their phraseology. We simply want them to learn that they can go to God, that He is with them all the time . . .

"We feel God has blessed us with a 'big family.' And there is nothing to our minds more pure and cherished . . . more innocent and closer to God . . . than little children. So, you see, our family has made us feel very close to our God; and our one goal in life is the hope that we'll be able to teach them each day to live as He would want them to."

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TV RADIO MIRROR

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Three's the Most!

(*Continued from page* 36)

became a trio. And they were close enough in age to catch hand-me-down clothes. "I was always jealous of Chris," Dot confesses. "She always had the new clothes and I had to take her hand-me-downs." Phyl adds, "Then Dotty would pass them on to me. I was jealous of Dot because I got them *third*-hand."

"And how about the fudge business?" Phyl continues. "To this day, I can't forgive Chris and Dot for being so high-handed. I always got the smidgins. You see, when we were very small, Chris would make fudge. She was always a good cook. I remember when I was in grade school, when sugar was rationed during the war and it was hard to get chocolate, mother would give us permission to make candy once a week. Sometimes we made it without permission. Well, anyway, because I was the youngest, I got the thin bits of fudge. Chris would pour the fudge in a plate and when she cut it we all got the same number of pieces but I got the outside, shallow bits and they got the big, thick center hunks!"

"We had our side, too," Dotty notes. "Someone had to go to the store and get the stuff, and *she* wouldn't go. We'd ask her to butter the plate or help wash up. She wouldn't do her share."

"Oh, I was the baby," Phyl explains airily, "and I shouldn't have had to do all that. I was in the first grade."

Understandably, Chris was the plump one in those days. And she had the wanderlust. First up in the morning, she'd trudge down Main Street to the highway in her pajamas, all set to travel. Dot was "mother's perfect child"—until she was nine and took to the trees with a Tarzan complex. Phyl, at the age of six, began to "propose and elope" almost daily. The girls began to sing together in their tender years, but this was just for family fun. In their teens, they sang publicly at church meetings, weddings and similar gatherings. In 1950, they made a nine-month tour of Army camps. This was perhaps the turning point in their lives. On this tour, hospitalized veterans requested popular songs and the girls tried to please. They had never before sung anything but religious music in public. In 1951, they had their own TV show and sang with Karl Taylor's orchestra in Dayton. In late 1951, they came to New York, made eight appearances with Kate Smith, won a *Talent Scouts* show in December—and, a month later, in January of 1952, became regulars on the Arthur Godfrey programs.

"Of course, we were always together as sisters," Chris says. "But, since 1949, I'd say we've been together from breakfast to evening or late night continuously. The longest we've ever been separated has been for a weekend—and that not very often, since most one-night bookings fall on Friday and Saturday."

All kinds of silly, mixed-up things have happened to the McGuires, for these can be three delirious damozels. There was the time they missed two planes out of the Pittsburgh Airport—although they were on the field all the time. Phyl recalls: "The three of us were on our first engagement out of New York City and we had to change planes in Pittsburgh. We were told we had fifteen minutes there, and we saw one of those places that sell those interesting, creamy-whipped cones. We rushed up to the place where they were sold, and had to stand in line because there were so many people ahead of us. We finally got the cones—and, when we went back to the plane, it had gone. We were told we had a half-hour wait and then we missed that one, too—because we were so busy looking around and so unconscious of time."

Yet the McGuire Sisters, like others who work in radio and television, are literally slaves to the clock. They must stick to a merciless schedule, day after day, to make rehearsals, air time, fittings, interviews, business meetings, recording sessions. The clock is their master from the moment they awake.

In Manhattan, Dot and Phyl live together in a duplex apartment. Chris lives a few blocks north with her husband, John Teeter, and her two boys (when they are home from school). While the girls don't congregate until after breakfast, they talk on the phone as soon as they're awake. "This is the way it is in the morning," says Phyl. "Dot is sleeping in her bedroom and I in mine. First thing you know, the telephones begin ringing."

"I have the service call me to wake me up," Dot interrupts to explain, "and always have them call back fifteen minutes later. I'm trying to kid myself into think-ink I'm sleeping overtime."

"Nothing helps me when I wake up," Phyl continues. "Not a shower, and not breakfast. When I see the sun, I feel better—but that's all. So I keep quiet in the morning. I don't talk when Chris calls. Dot gets on the phone, and she and Dot decide what we'll wear. I just listen in on their conversation so that I know what I have to wear. I grumble downstairs to the coffee pot and, pretty soon, Dot comes down, too. We haven't exchanged a word. Then we go upstairs and dress. Chris calls again to change something we were to wear. Usually, the first words Dot and

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I exchange are after we have dressed and had breakfast and are leaving the apartment to get into Chris's car to go to the studio. Then we officially start the day by saying, 'Good morning.'"

The big headache is always the fight with time. Not one but three must have nails manicured, hair dressed, clothes fitted. If all favor one masseuse—as they do—then it becomes three times as hard to set up an appointment, for each must go at a different time, and that means three hours lost, rather than one.

"Most of our arguments are over the schedule," Chris says. "I have a hair appointment and Phyllis has one, too—but at a different time. We all know that the most important thing is rehearsal, and we can't give that up. We'll walk down the street arguing over who will give up the appointment so that we'll have that extra hour for rehearsing. Cab drivers always say that they've often wondered if we were really sisters, but when they hear us argue they know that we are!"

Actually, the girls try to coordinate their activities as well as complement one another. Dotty saves time by lending her body to the fittings for all three. The girls' measurements are almost exactly the same, and so this is practical. Dot also pays the cab fare; since the girls may be in and out of cabs a dozen times a day, this becomes another time-saver. Phyl, on the other hand, always picks up the phone (except before breakfast). She sets up time for interviews, pictures, rehearsals. Chris has always done the shopping for the trio, with never any dissension there.

"Chris buys nine-tenths of all our clothes," says Phyl, "and I mean *all*. Not just gowns, but stockings, underclothes, sport things. And we like everything she gets. We really have the same taste." As Dotty notes, "We've separated and visited the same stores in the same city—and we've ended up making almost identical purchases. That's even happened with undies. Of course, we have the same coloring and size, so we wear certain styles." And Chris adds, "For example, we always buy seamless hose. We do this because—with six legs—there might be *six* crooked seams, so we avoid the problem."

The McGuires have won a reputation for being beautifully dressed, but it's not all in the selection of clothes. Often, the girls have helped in designing their own gowns. Phyl explains, "Well, take our last set of gowns, that were actually designed by Sophie at Saks. We felt the gowns had to be striking. We wanted to accomplish this with beading and designs, but it had to be watched. We didn't want the beading too heavy. Then we had two gowns made with straight material but used in such a way that they were just as striking as the gowns with the beading." For both sets of gowns, the McGuires suggested the basic ideas as well as the colors.

Their new, full coats are also their own brainchildren.

"We have three black-diamond capes," says Dot, "long capes with hoods. We thought they might be chilly without sleeves and suggested long mink gloves to give the appearance of sleeves. The furrier carried the idea on a little further. He fixed the long mink gloves so that we can take off the top halves and have three-quarter size gloves. We can also take the top halves and make muffs out of them or a hat or a little bow to use with suits."

The girls seldom have to borrow clothes from one another. The exceptional time was disastrous, as Chris recalls. "I let Phyl borrow my mink stole one night and, the next night, her place was robbed—and the stole went with everything else."

Like their clothes, their luggage and handbags are identical, so they have them initialed to tell them apart. They get

toothbrushes and other toiletries in different colors, but try to keep make-up simplified and standard. "We choose lipstick according to the gown we're wearing," says Dot, "and we have such a variety that it creates quite a problem. For our coloring, we don't like lipsticks with blue in them. When it comes to fingernails, we've stopped using colors, because of the quick changes we must make. We use plain polish so that, no matter what color we wear, the polish will not conflict."

They are always happy to stumble on something that will simplify their routines, for the average day is strenuous. They have even come to depend on one another for recreation. As Dot says, "We really get our biggest laughs out of each other, and no one ever gets hurt."

Phyllis—who insists that she hasn't a sense of humor—contributes frequently to the fun. She's good at mimicry, not just of celebrities but of everyday people they meet. She is also a practical joker. "We had a doctor friend at dinner one evening," Chris recalls, "and Phyl insisted that she was getting a fever. Well, she didn't look flushed but he took her temperature and it was more than 103. Well, he began to make calls to hospitals to get a bed for her, but the hospitals were full. He kept taking her temperature, thinking there might be something wrong with the thermometer—she showed no other symptoms, and even her pulse was normal. The doctor called the drug store, got another thermometer, took her temperature again—and it was still up. He was convinced that she was very ill. Then we discovered she was going into the kitchen and drinking hot coffee each time before he took her temperature!"

Dot recalls, with a laugh, "That was *nothing* to the day she came into my bedroom crying, 'I've scalded my face. I'm scarred.' And her face did look awful. 'I did it with a scalding washcloth,' she said, 'I didn't mean to do it.' I got so upset—then she started laughing and told me she had put raw egg on her face."

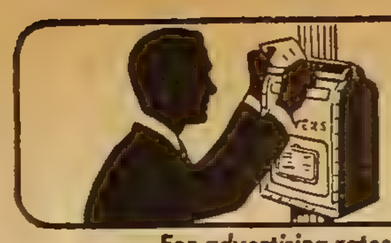
The girls, so close for so many years, are extra sensitive to individual moods. When one gets in the dumps, the other two go into action immediately. Phyl can be helped out of a bad mood with food—a basket of fruit or even just *talk* about a good Italian restaurant. Chris loves clothes and anything new to wear lifts her into the clouds. Dot likes records—a new Sinatra album, maybe—or a new book.

Dot is usually the balance wheel. While Phyl takes care of appointments, and Chris takes care of the clothes, Dot takes care of her sisters. She is most often the peace-maker. None of their arguments is ever serious, but the girls will never simply flip a coin to come to a decision. They never give in to one another. They talk and talk until they have reasoned out the problem. And they never part until the issue is settled.

"Sisters usually love one another. We do, too," says Phyl. "But, besides, we *like* one another. Of course, there are times when we wish for privacy. We always know each other's business. There are no secrets. The one time Chris tried to throw a surprise party for me, she nearly went crazy. It was impossible. It was not a successful surprise—but a very successful party."

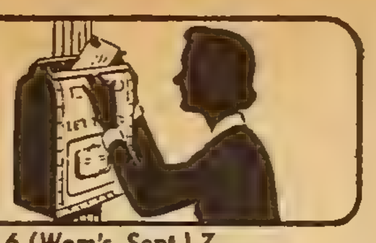
"When you're a trio, there is always something exciting going on," Chris beams, "or something exciting going wrong. But, when there is any excitement or something new to look forward to, we all share it. And, when something goes wrong, you don't have to suffer it out alone."

"There's one thing, for sure, about being a trio," Dot smiles. "You never get lonesome."



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A Slightly Reformed Character

(*Continued from page* 39)

Spike Jones: "If we knocked ourselves out for the full half-hour every week, with only the same sort of stuff we did on the road, we'd wear out our welcome within a month. We'd find ourselves coming into living rooms where the family had gone out for the evening. This way, judiciously mixing some of the corn in with straight stuff, and with Helen's torchy numbers, we could get to be a habit."

It's an old saw in show business that comedians are the most serious men in the trade. And, of them all, there's probably no one more deadly in earnest about the business of being funny than Spike Jones. Certainly there's no one who works harder at it—no one could, because there aren't enough hours. Spike spent three days (and nights until 2 A.M.) each week planning his TV shows with his staff. Then, three more days for rehearsals, and, finally, one day for dress rehearsal and the "live" show. That adds up to seven—which is about par for Spike.

It's a shame, too, that Spike can't have more time to enjoy his lovely Beverly Hills home. Located a couple of blocks south of Sunset Boulevard, in one of the older, very proper sections of Beverly Hills, the big Colonial mansion sets far back from the street, with colorful flowerbeds lining the red brick walk.

As one friend puts it, it's an "awfully square" house for Spike Jones, with its stately columns across the front of the house. But the tongue-in-cheek attitude Spike shows towards many things greets the visitor, even before he has a chance to lift his hand to the brass knocker. The huge doormat is lettered: *"Stokowski."*

Inside the house, there appear to be excellent copies of world-famous masterpieces. It's only the more careful second glance which reveals that the "Blue Boy" on one wall actually has Spike's face, and wears tennis sneakers. Opposite him, the "Whistler's Mother" sitting so sedately in her straight chair has a copy of the *Daily Racing Form* folded neatly across her lap. And, across the room, the enigmatic smile of the "Mona Lisa" appears below two eyes as crossed as two eyes could be.

The two Jones offspring—Spike, Jr., who's just turned 8, and Leslie Ann, 5—are two of the healthiest, huskiest, most normal little characters you could imagine. Mary Foster, who has had them in her charge for the last two years obviously adores them, but claims they can be as "hammy" as the next when they feel like it.

Little Leslie Ann, with the promise of future beauty already on her little pug-nosed face, is currently as much a tomboy as rough-and-ready Spike Junior. She could hardly escape being that, Helen points out, since the neighborhood is overrun with small boys, and no girls. In order to have someone to play with, she plays with boys. "This will be fine," Mary points out, prophetically, "if these boys just stay put until high school. Leslie will have all the dates she can handle, right in the block!"

Spike Junior's household chores currently include cleaning the bird cage for the family parakeet, a gorgeous character solemnly called Saul. The Jones menagerie, generally a fluctuating community, is now at one of its low points, census-wise. Besides Saul, there's Irving, the silver-colored poodle. And there are the tropical fish: In a ten-foot-long aquarium, set at eye-level into the wall of the family room, swim some of the biggest angelfish in private captivity. Spike claims these are a sort of "food bank," and would pass as filet of sole if times ever get lean.

Among his "extracurricular" activities, Spike Junior has picked up judo. There was probably never a more surprised father than Spike Senior one evening not long ago. "Daddy," Spike Junior requested, with wide-eyed innocence, "there's something I want to try on you." Always ready to oblige his son, Spike Senior took the stance his son dictated. The next thing he knew, he was flat on his back.

Actually, it's only poetic justice that the Jones young have a mischievous streak. Pop has been playing jokes on the public for so many years, it somehow seems highly suitable that he now has someone to return the compliment.

The Spike Jones brand of musical tomfoolery probably got its real start years ago, when Spike was only a youngster in Long Branch, California. Of course, Spike claims some of the "corn" may have been brought West by his father, the late Lindley M. Jones, a native of Earlham, Iowa. The elder Jones was a railroad telegrapher for fifty-five years, and brought his family to Long Beach when Spike was a boy.

Whether that "corn" was inherited is, of course, debatable. But when Spike was only knee-high to a tuba, he developed a burning passion to own and play a trombone. His indulgent parents helped pad out his savings, and he acquired the coveted instrument. Then he discovered, much to his distress, that his arms were too short to play the trombone properly. With a mighty effort, he could manage to fling the slide out to the eighth position—but, by no amount of stretching, could he reach to pull it back in.

Even then, Spike was a creature of perseverance. He rigged up a Rube Goldberg-type arrangement, whereby he tied one end of a string to his little finger, the other end to the slide arm of the trombone. Out would go the slide, then he'd reel it in again, using the string. This proved not only a highly efficient means of playing the trombone, it also reaped unexpected results: His audience laughed like crazy every time he went into action.

It was only after considerable convincing on his part that his parents finally gave him their blessing to join a dance band, led by Dwight Defty. A few months later, he organized his own dance group—called it "Spike Jones and his Five Tacks." They played over a Long Beach radio station, KFOX, until Spike was graduated from high school. At Chaffee Junior College in Ontario, California, Spike joined the Ray West Orchestra, and from there went on to jobs in other bands.

It was while he was playing drums with John Scott Trotter, on the old Bing Crosby radio show, that the "musical depreciation" idea really hit him. It was Spike's job, each time they came on the air, to hit the chimes which announced Bing's opening number. Someone remarked one night that they sure hoped he'd never hit a sour note. The possibility of error had never occurred to him before, but the suggestion suddenly made him very conscious of those opening chimes. And, sure enough, the very next show, he hit the wrong bar. The response was not what everyone feared, however. The orchestra practically fell apart at the seams, laughing.

The bit started Spike to thinking. If striking a wrong note, quite by accident, was such a big, comic thing—why not just work up some *planned* sour notes?

With a group of fellow musicians, who had been kidding around with music in their off hours for some time, he worked up some novelty tunes, and they cut a couple of records. One of these came to the attention of some recording officials, and the group was signed to a contract.

One of the first discs the group cut, under contract, was a musical commentary on Adolf Hitler—this was in 1942. The first time they recorded it, Spike ended the number with an ad-libbed, resounding, and very juicy Bronx cheer.

The record, titled "Der Fuehrer's Face," was released on a Saturday. By Monday, Spike was signed to play in a Warner Bros. motion picture, "Thank Your Lucky Stars." On Tuesday, he signed a radio contract. On Wednesday, he appeared on a Bob Burns radio show. And, on Friday, he signed a new recording contract. By the following Sunday, Spike recalls, they had to chain him to keep his feet on the ground. And things haven't slowed down much since.

In his thirty-six-months zoom into the stratosphere, between 1942 and 1946, Spike Jones became one of the "hottest" things in show business. His records were selling like hot cakes are supposed to sell, he had a radio show, did more movies than he cares to be reminded of.

Then, in 1946, he decided to get the show on the road. He organized his "Musical Depreciation Revue," and toured with this madness until May, 1953. In Spike's company were forty people, including thirteen musicians—a term many claimed to be pretty loose talk. But, as Spike pointed out, and still stoutly maintains, it takes an unusually good musician to play as badly as his men do, on cue.

"Mad" and "zany" are actually pretty pale words to use to describe the presentations that were put on by Spike Jones and his City Slickers. Besides the standard fiddles, trumpets, saxophones and trombones, the City Slickers were adept at playing tuned flit-guns, bicycle pumps that whistled, telephone bells which rang in key, and bagpipes which exploded on cue. At one point, the bass viol was flung open to disclose a miniature kitchenette. The cello would belch firecrackers, and the tuba blew tuba-size bubbles. As a clincher, the harp popped corn, dispensed soft drinks, and shot arrows into the air at appropriate moments.

Yet the band still managed to work in a tune, here and there. They spoofed the classics, from Brahms straight through to Tchaikovsky. They shot holes in the sentimental ballads (one of the masterpieces they turned out during this era was "Cocktails for Two," which record is still a popular seller in the music shops).

Maybe the psychologists would have another diagnosis of this national phenomenon. But, to the untutored mind, it looked a lot like Lindley Jones, in kicking the sacred cows of music in the slats, was performing a vicarious service for all frustrated citizens. For years, these much-put-upon citizens had yearned to take a swat at the conventions stifling them—but lacked the courage. Along came Spike, without an inhibited bone in his body, and did it for them.

In 1948, when Spike and his City Slickers were really riding high, he met Helen. Their first meeting was at the Hollywood Palladium, where she was singing. They met again at the old Trocadero, where they were both on the same bill. Later, she came to work with the

band, and in July, 1948, the newspapers gaily announced that "Spike Jones Marries the Hired Help."

If the wedding was quiet, it was probably a pretty good thing. Because there hasn't been a lot of quiet, since then. Life in the Jones household is rarely tranquil, never dull. For a while, it just practically didn't exist—at least, the *home* life didn't. Helen went off on a tour of her own, a couple of years ago. Spike, making some personal appearances at this same time, claims that all they got to see of each other during this period was when they'd wave as their trains passed each other, going in opposite directions.

If the pace hasn't slackened, at least they're going in the same direction nowadays. On TV, Helen decorates at least two spots on Spike's show each week, and they are together for rehearsals, as well as for the rare times when they manage to be home simultaneously.

Among those rare times, the most pleasant are when Helen's family shows up for some celebration or other. Spike, an only child, acquired quite a family when he married Helen. She has, besides her parents, five brothers and five sisters, all of whom live only a matter of minutes from the Jones house.

When the whole Grayco family gathers, as it does for Grandpa or Grandma Grayco's birthdays, or other national holidays, they can count fifty-five heads. That is, if those heads stay up above water in the Jones swimming pool long enough to be counted.

Spike is always in the middle of the mob, stirring up the fun. He has the stern-jawed, deadpan face which would do credit to an ancient owl, but the mind could be Puck's, or a comic-opera version of Mephistopheles. He's always tipping the youngsters off on some new deviltry, or slyly egging the brothers-in-law into some practical joke on one of the girls. To the thirty-one Grayco grandchildren, Spike is another Pied Piper.

No one will ever deny that Spike Jones loves youngsters, especially his own two. But he does refuse to let them dictate what he is to do, and when he is to do it. It just happens that Spike believes parents have a *few* rights to assert, too.

Assert himself he did, recently. Bogged down by an inescapable load of rehearsals and planning sessions, he ran headlong into Spike Junior's birthday. Leaving himself wide open, he admits, he asked the boy what he'd like to do for his birthday. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad replied that he wanted to take some chums to Disneyland.

"I simply couldn't get away for the entire day it would require to make that kind of a trip. But I couldn't give the boy that kind of an excuse—at eight, things like rehearsals and work schedules just don't mean much. So I just explained how Disneyland is in Philadelphia, and the trip would take too long. He agreed he'd just as soon go to the 'Ice Follies,' which was playing just a couple of miles down the pike. But," Spike sighs, "he's still a little bothered about how a couple of his friends managed to make it to Philadelphia and back in the same day."

There will, of course, come a day of reckoning. One fine day Spike Junior's geography will improve, and Spike Senior will be brought to account for such parental connivance. It would be fun to be around, and find out what trick Spike Junior plays on his dad to even up the score. It's bound to be a good one, and it will serve him right. Anyone who's perpetrated as many tricks on as many people as has Spike Jones, deserves at least a little comeuppance—even if it's from his own son!



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Come to the Aid of Your Party

(*Continued from page 49*)

drive for children's aid, a bazaar. Even a small party might profit from it."

Two children can be on the Refreshment Committee, to decide on the food and how it is to be served. Two can get the inexpensive favors and prizes at any local variety store or similar treasure trove, as part of the Game Committee—they can decide what games shall be played, too. A Picture Committee can include the children with cameras who would like to take snapshots. A Clean-up Committee can be made up of an older girl and boy who can stay a while after the party is over—and will think it's fun, as Mrs. Mace's children do. (Sometimes they get the extra cookies or cakes left over!) The important thing is for the child to participate in as many ways as possible. Here are some of Mrs. Mace's ideas:

Decorations: Children love bright colors, fresh bouquets of flowers on the table, bright paper garlands, amusing or fanciful cutouts, inexpensive favors made by themselves or bought at the variety store, pretty lace-paper doilies and fancy paper napkins. The adult who lets her child assist in all this is making that party memorable for days in advance and perhaps for years afterward. It can be a lesson in choosing harmonious colors and in creating something pretty from quite ordinary materials.

Invitations: Whether given informally, by telephone, in person, or by mail, invitations should be explicit as to the hour when the party will begin and will end, so provision can be made by families to get the children to the party on time and get them home on time. There should be no doubt about transportation arrangements, especially for very young children or for older ones who will leave a party after dark. The young host's or hostess's mother has the job of finding out who's bringing and picking up whom, as this is an adult responsibility.

Chaperones: The question of whether parents—or older brothers or sisters—should accompany the children at the party is one to be decided between hostess and families of the guests. At The Mace School, mothers are discouraged from hovering too closely, except for those needed to keep things moving happily and perhaps to assist at refreshment time. "Just remember, it's a party for the children," says Mrs. Mace, "and they don't like to be watched every moment under those circumstances, as long as there is at least one responsible adult close by. It spoils a child's pleasure to be told, on the way home, that she did this or that wrong. If there has been something that needs correction, hold off a while—perhaps until the next invitation comes."

Sociability: The wallflower problem may begin early, if a little girl (or even a boy) is timid and shy. Mrs. Mace tells her children: "We think too often that everything should come our way, without our making enough effort. You must not expect that everyone will be trying to make you happy every minute. You have to do some of it yourself. Make yourself happy. Join in the fun with the others."

Children should be taught how to draw other children into the circle of fun. "Every child must be drawn into *something* at a party," Mrs. Mace says. "When a mother teaches a child to be kind to other children, she is not only teaching party manners but the best possible way of life. No child should be allowed to feel left out and unimportant. We ask our children who can perform to get up without coaxing and entertain the others. These are not necessarily the professional children. All the children have talents they love to use. We tell those who may not feel like doing something at the moment that, if they do a good job under those circumstances, it proves they are really adaptable. That it's even better to make a success of something when you didn't feel like doing it."

Bonnie Sawyer has worked out her own idea for a neighborhood or school or community party. Sometimes not all the children are known to one another, so she has made a tag for each child to wear, lettered: "I'm ————. Who are you?" This is a good idea for adult parties, too, where introductions are spoken quickly, and names forgotten, or where the crowd is too large for individual introductions. The children love it, and even a potential wallflower is bound to get acquainted and become part of the group.

Games: The wise adult tells a child to take part in all the activities at a party, even if he doesn't happen to like all the games the others are playing. If you don't know how to play a certain game, she advises, ask to have it explained to you.

Kissing games seem to go with parties and it's Frieda Mace's belief that you can't stop them, that the kids look upon them as they would upon other party games, and that it's a mistake to make them seem important by objecting. A grownup should be around, unobtrusively, ready to suggest other activities.

The most fun for children, of course, are the active games, if the weather is nice outdoors or there is room enough indoors. Small objects that can be jarred off tables or thrown to the floor should be put away. Mother's best lamp should be pushed safely out of reach.

An interesting modern version of the game called "Going to Jerusalem" or "Musical Chairs" is to seat the children in a circle or oval on the floor and pass some small, smooth object from one to the other. Even an orange or a well-washed potato will do—no fruit that will crack open, nothing that has sharp edges or can jab. Whoever is caught with the object in his hands, as the music stops, meets the same fate as if he had been left without a chair to sit on in the older version of this game. The absence of the chairs and the marching around fits better into smaller rooms.

Word games are always fun, if they are not played so long that the children get weary. Older youngsters, the ones in sixth, seventh and eighth grades, love them. But variety is the spice of any party, so no game should be played until the children get restless.

Dancing: This is tops, especially for the older children. The Bunny Hop, the Lindy—square dancing, if you have a big enough room, or a game room or playroom in the basement. It's wisest to consult the kids here, and find out what they like to do. Some of the children at Mace have a system at their own parties for hearing all their favorite recordings. Each child brings one or two, marked with his name on a tiny piece of adhesive tape attached to the middle of the record. This way, records can easily be identified and collected at going-home time.

Refreshments: Little children still like sandwiches—peanut butter, and jelly—the traditional party ice cream and cake. Older children go for Cokes and Pepsis and root beer, potato chips and pretzels, apples and doughnuts (for square dancing)—and, of course, hamburgers and frankfurters. Cookies that satisfy, sometimes individual little cakes, each with one candle on it, instead of a traditional birthday cake. A cute idea for summer drinks, or cold drinks at any time, is to dip the rim of the glass in orange juice and then into granulated sugar, with enough clinging to form an edge. Put in the refrigerator until ready to fill with whatever drink you are serving. The child sips the drink by way of a sparkling frosted-orange rim and is delighted with the new taste.

Sit-down or buffet serving depends upon the hostess's facilities and room. Also upon the value she places upon her rugs and furnishings! A game room with a floor designed for easy cleaning admits of passing paper plates and cups and balancing them in small hands. A back yard takes a lot of punishment. Or even a porch. Many families find the dining room table the safest place for serving, or they set up card tables.

Mrs. Mace reminds her children it is not necessary to race for the food, and it is necessary to wait until all are served at a table. They are told to keep a plate passed to them unless they are asked to pass it along, to watch the hostess if they are not sure when to start and what silver to use, but also to remember that it's a party and not to worry too much about some unimportant error.

A child should be reminded, if necessary, not to comment on something he doesn't like, to keep it on his plate and eat a little of it if he can. Never, never, Mrs. Mace tells the children, ask to have something removed from your plate, or make a fuss about it. Eat a second portion of something else, if it's passed to you. Don't say anything rude. Don't talk to just one child. If you have a joke to tell, that's fine, but be sure it's a nice joke that everyone will enjoy, and be sure it won't hurt anyone's feelings.

Bringing a present: Hand it to the person for whom it is intended, and put in a card so it will be remembered as yours, no matter how many it may get mixed up with, in the excitement of arriving. If parties in your community are frequent enough to be financially burdensome, you

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TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand **September 5**

might suggest that, for your own children's party, you are limiting presents to a certain price level, the kind that can be purchased at the ever-useful neighborhood variety or toy store. Kids love gifts, especially when they get a lot at one time, and don't care a bit what they cost. The fun is in the opening, so help your child to wrap the presents prettily—and let him use his own ideas if he wants to.

Family Parties: Those special occasions at Christmas or birthday time are more fun when a child or a group of children distribute the gifts, make their own little presentation speeches, plan the way in which everything is to be done. At The Mace School, the children learn poise and assurance by acting as masters and mistresses of ceremonies at the monthly assemblies, introducing the children who are to perform or contribute in any way. Adapting this plan to any close-knit group, such as a family or church or school, even timid children can get up and do a good job—good for them and fun for the others.

Party Dress Up: Simple little dresses for the girls, white or pastels, or a tailored dress prettied up with beads or a flower or a fancy collar or belt. Never, even at the Mace Graduation Prom, an off-the-shoulder dress for a pre-high-school child. A little sleeve, usually, at the Prom. Stockings can be worn instead of socks, a little heel, not more than an inch or so. Sports jackets and slacks for the boys, or a suit. Tie and white shirt for an important party, otherwise a sports shirt.

A little girl's hair can be put up in a pony tail or caught back with a barette or band. Girls like to wear their hair a little differently at a party, just as their mothers do. Nails buffed, without gaudy polish, soap-and-water skin, maybe a touch of natural-looking lipstick for the older girls, because it makes them feel very partified and elegant. The same goes for a light cologne or toilet water. Deodorants for both girls and boys. The boys are told that, if they want to get girls interested in them—and certainly if they want dancing partners—their hair must be clean, also their hands and nails; their shoes shined, their faces scrubbed. They seem to get the idea.

Time to Leave: A child should be taught to gather up all his belongings when he leaves—little girls' handbags, boys' caps, overshoes or rubbers, umbrellas, raincoats. Toys or records that have been brought along, favors given to be taken home. If a child has been told to leave a party at a certain time, and refreshments have not yet been served, he can ask to use the telephone and explain to his mother. If he must leave anyhow—and this is the hardest part of all—the hostess should try to wrap up at least a few of the goodies. If he makes a fuss about leaving, he should be reminded that when he leaves willingly he earns the privilege of going to other parties. A good hostess guards against serving too late for every child to be present, however.

Mrs. Mace impresses on the children to respect the home they go into, as they do their own, as they do their school. "Don't let your parents and your training down," she says to them. As a teacher, as a woman who has had four children of her own and whose grown-up daughter Alyce is now a talented actress-singer, Mrs. Mace has been close to many children all through her life. "No teacher has any trouble with educating children in the Three R's, when the parents will cooperate," she smiles. "Understanding parents hold the key to a child's happiness, to his standing at school, to his fun at parties. The rule is to keep children busy and occupied—happily busy. And to let them participate in their own parties as much as possible."



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Meet the Quiz Kings Face to Face!

(*Continued from page* 25)

sidered for the job, including some top emcees in TV and radio, important commentators, well-known stage, screen and TV actors. The story is practically the same for every quizmaster. He had to be tops, and he has to stay tops against the keenest kind of competition.

Here is what may get you on *The $64,000 Question*: You—or someone who thinks you're smart enough to compete—write a letter to the show, in care of CBS-TV, 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. The letter will be one of a possible 10,000 or more received that week, so it obviously should be as informative and impressive as you can make it.

If you sound interesting for their show, you will get a questionnaire in the mail, asking for information about your background and education, special fields of interest or service, hobbies, availability for the program if and when called—plus the photo request. You will be asked to give three or more character references. This has nothing to do with financial or social status—you can be the humblest, plainest person. It does have to do with being the kind of contestant who will in no way embarrass himself or the program.

The next move, if your answers to the questionnaire interest the powers-that-be, will be a personal call from someone connected with the show, who will ask for more details and form a personal judgment. If this screening process satisfies the caller that you are a good bet, you will then be asked to visit the show's offices in New York. (From out of town, at their expense, if you seem likely material.)

Here the plot thickens, and you get your first experience as a quiz contestant, and as a character to whom this kind of wonderful thing couldn't possibly be happening. (But it is.) You are made to feel comfortable and at ease, while questions in the subject that interests you are asked by a group of the staff members. Your range of knowledge—or lack of it—shows up fairly quickly. If it's good, and they decide you have the personality to stand up under TV broadcasting conditions, the chances are that you're in. And *on*.

The $64,000 Challenge works about the same way. Those who want to match knowledge with a *$64,000 Question* champion face the same procedures before appearing with the champ and with Ralph Story, the relaxed master of ceremonies. Ralph, thirty-seven this August, originally came from Kalamazoo, Michigan, started on local radio stations, moved on to radio in Buffalo, New York. He was a P-51 Mustang pilot, with sixty-three fighter-escort missions to his credit on the European continent during World War II, went back to Buffalo radio, finally to CBS-TV in Los Angeles, before his present assignment. He has a teen-age son.

Ralph's one of the new breed of quizmasters who give out with no fireworks, no dramatics, but keep the suspense and drama intrinsic to the whole concept of the show. They work with quiet sincerity, have poise that communicates to the contestants. All successful quizmasters, past and present, have great warmth with the people they meet on the shows and the knack of making the contestant seem the real star, rather than themselves.

Hal March emerged in his middle 30's as the quiet-voiced quizmaster of *The $64,000 Question*, after a long preparation ranging from public performances as amateur welterweight boxer in his late teens to night-club comedian and featured performer on some of the country's most popular radio and TV programs. He served in the Army as a radar operator in the Coast Artillery, later was half of the comedy team of Sweeney and March, was the "next-door neighbor" on the Burns and Allen show and, later, Imogene Coca's TV husband on her series. He is married to the former Candy Toxton Torme, dotes on her little boy and girl by a former marriage—and their own baby son, born this past June.

The programs, *Twenty-One* and *Tic Tac Dough*, on NBC-TV, are produced by the company of which Jack Barry, their emcee, is an executive. (They also have an exciting new one called *High-Low*.) Prospective contestants for either *Twenty-One* or *Tic Tac Dough* (based on the old childhood game of Tick-Tack-Toe) should write a letter all about themselves and address it to the producers, Barry & Enright, 667 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. If the letter catches their interest, anyone who is in the New York area—or expects to be there shortly—receives a note giving instructions to call the office for an appointment.

At the office, the would-be contestant takes a preliminary written examination consisting of one hundred multiple-choice questions. This takes about half an hour. If contestants score extremely well, and appear to be acceptable personally, they are then asked if they want to take the further examination for *Twenty-One*, the tougher and financially more richly rewarding of the two shows (prize money on *Tic Tac Dough*, however, has risen to around $15,000, on occasion). Many persons have no desire to get on a big program like *Twenty-One*, feeling that *Tic Tac Dough* will be less strenuous and more fun for them personally. In that case, they meet with one of the staff members of that show for further interview, and if approved by him are passed on to the producer, who makes final decision. (Incidentally, look for *Tic Tac Dough* to become a night-time show on September 12.)

Now that we have disposed of *T.T.D.* and can go back to *Twenty-One*—and the contestants who have scored up to or beyond a certain high mark in the first written examination and have elected to take the stiffer exam—we'll find out just how stiff it is. This one, too, is written, requires about three hours, covers 363 questions in 121 categories! The contestant who "passes" is brought in to meet the producer of *Twenty-One*, who talks to him quite a while. It's a sort of personality test. After that, there's the meeting with the program's two top men, who make all final decisions, to ensure that each contestant will be the kind of person you yourself would like to have visit your home.

A word here is necessary for those who live out of town: These two programs send a man around the country to interview people who have written interesting letters. He brings in his reports, accompanied by snapshots or photos, and on the basis of these it is determined whether certain people should be flown to New York at the show's expense for interviews.

Jack Barry, emcee of *Twenty-One* and also of the daytime version of *Tic Tac Dough*, was a salesman thirteen years ago, and he still has the easy and pleasant, but decisive manner of a good businessman. Now in his late 30's, he has had a fine career in top-rated TV and radio shows. He is married to the former Marcia Van Dyke, who was an actress, singer and concert violinist. They have two young sons.

If you are—or plan to be—in the area of Hollywood, California, and you want to join Groucho and match wits with that wily Mr. Marx on *You Bet Your Life*, there are several ways to do it. You could be sought out by the program for a number of reasons: Something interesting has been told or written about you (in which case they may seek you, wherever you are). Or your job makes you stand out—you're a public official, a distinguished foreign visitor, an explorer, a religious leader (practically every faith has been represented to date). Or a wild-animal trainer—a VIP of any sort. (Groucho has a ball poking fun at big-name contestants, has found them to be folks who can "take it," whereas a little guy hasn't the same defenses. So he really lets loose on the bigger fellows, who can look out for themselves, and everyone gets kicks out of it.)

You could be "discovered" by one of the program's representatives who, working with the sponsor, set up booths at state fairs and rodeos and such places, talk to people in general and keep on the lookout for those who seem likely candidates for the show. Or you could write to the show itself, care of NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif., or call the show's offices for an interview appointment. Three staff members conduct these interviews, and much depends upon their first impressions.

"Anyone who wants an interview with us can come in and have it. We never refuse anyone," a staff interviewer told us. "We try to get a balance with six people planned for a show, all different. Never all men or all women, never all married couples. We like good down-to-earth housewives. They are the bread-and-butter of the show. Everybody roots for them; viewers love them. If they have an interesting hobby, this helps, but they don't have to. We like people, too, who are in the workaday business world. We often select contestants on the basis of sheer personality, because we think viewers will enjoy them. Contestants should lack self-consciousness, be warm and friendly—and, of course, reasonably well-informed to answer questions from Groucho."

Another way of getting on *You Bet Your Life* is to be in the studio audience, but that's for a later date and not the same evening. Write well in advance for tickets—the usual four-to-eight weeks—and join the crowd going in, try to be "dated" for an interview, be as natural as you can and tell everything about yourself that will put you in an interesting light. Don't go, expecting to be chosen for the current performance—contestants have already been selected for that date and are not plucked from studio audiences shortly before air time.

The rapid-fire, cigar-puffing quipmaster and quizmaster of *You Bet Your Life*, Groucho Marx, came up through years of vaudeville, stage, many Hollywood movies and a succession of radio and TV shows. He was long famous as the dominant and tart-tongued member of the Marx Brothers, a team which at various times included all four of his brothers—Chico, Harpo, Zeppo and Gummo.

It was Mama Marx, an accomplished harpist herself, who started her five sons in a music-vaudeville career. Papa was a tailor who must have had a rich sense of humor and fun to have gone along with the whole zany crew of Marx offspring. Groucho himself has a daughter Miriam and son Arthur who are both writers. Arthur did a biography of his dad, brought up the question of whether Dad is really a sentimentalist whose air of disillusionment hides his real feelings, or whether he is as world-weary a cynic as he sounds, especially when he's kidding a contestant.

Groucho's comment was typical: "I ask the questions, I don't answer them." His eleven-year-old daughter, Melinda, has appeared with him on television, seems likely to carry on the thespian tradition.

Two For The Money should be addressed in care of CBS-TV in New York (address already given). The producers of this show look for interesting facts, unusual hobbies or occupations, or any other qualities that make contestants stand out to advantage. This show prefers a snapshot or other photo (non-returnable) with the initial letter. (If you have any to spare, it is never a bad idea to send along a snapshot with your first request in writing any program.) Here, as in every other case, your letter should be as informative and provocative as possible. You want to be invited for an interview.

Dr. Mason Gross, Provost and Professor of Philosophy at Rutgers University, assists emcee Sam Levenson, hands out the questions and is the judge of the correctness of all answers. Questions on this show get progressively harder, but are not too demanding at any time, and the whole atmosphere is one of fun, rather than strong competition for money prizes.

Sam Levenson, who has been called "the ex-schoolteacher with the sugar-coated psychology and a million-dollar smile," livens the show with his own warm and bubbling personality and his endless fund of stories about kids and parents and family relationships, keeping it part Sam Levenson monologues and only part quiz, a system which seems to make everyone happy. Everyone knows that Sam is a happily married man and that there is a son, Conrad—who seems smart enough and witty enough himself to grow up to be a quizmaster before long—as well as a small daughter, Emily.

Name That Tune, the musical quiz, should be addressed as follows: *Name That Tune,* Box 199, New York 11, N. Y. Your letter should be detailed enough to take the place of a personal interview. "Pretend that one of our staff members is sitting in your kitchen having a cup of coffee with you, and you're just chatting," is their advice.

Don't send a mere list of vital statistics, although these can be included—your height, your weight, your age, etc. Be sure to send along a list of seven songs to make up a Golden Medley of your choice. They suggest a variety of tunes, all of which should be familiar ones—some old, some new, some fast, some slower. And they're sure to want a smiling snapshot. (Since fewer men submit entries to the program, a man has an especially good chance.)

This is not a show for "experts." No one type of contestant has proved better than others at naming tunes. Grand-prize winners have included a fireman and farm wives, a teacher and grammar-school students. Those who like music, who live in its atmosphere by listening to television, radio, recordings, and are quick to recognize a tune and to recollect its name, stand the best chance. Contestants are paired off to win a possible $25,000 and home viewers participate by sending in their own Golden Medleys.

Thirty-four-year-old George de Witt, quizmaster of *Name That Tune,* began his show-business career as a high-school boy in Atlantic City, New Jersey, while doubling as a singing waiter. He served in the Merchant Marine (Norwegian), in the British Royal Air Force, and as a United States Army Air Force pilot after this country entered the war. He is well known as a TV and night-club headliner. Everybody who watches *Name That Tune,* and George, knows he has a little boy named Jay who is the biggest prize in his daddy's life and is apparently headed, at three years of age, for a brilliant show-business career of his own later on.

To get on Walt Framer's ever-popular *Strike It Rich,* your reason for wanting to "strike it rich" is the all-important factor. Write a letter to the program, care of CBS-TV in New York, explaining as fully as possible why you would like to win some money. The program will notify you if you are being considered, and invite you to come in for an interview. The kind of person you are, the way in which you are likely to conduct yourself on the air, are of considerable importance, of course. But the big thing here is your motive for wanting to appear on the show and your need of the money, whether for yourself or your family, or for the benefit of some other person or persons, or some organization or other worthwhile cause.

Host Warren Hull, whose name is practically synonymous with the program because of his long association with it, was a musician in his school days, became a professional singer and broke into acting in stock and on Broadway and in the movies. He played lead parts in thirty-six Hollywood motion pictures, worked in West Coast radio and in the East, will celebrate his tenth year as emcee on *Strike It Rich.* He is married, has six children in his immediate family, plus a couple of grandchildren, and considers that he himself has indeed struck it very rich.

The Big Payoff caters to men as contestants, but the rewards go largely to their womenfolk. Any man, from ten to one hundred, can write to the program in care of CBS-TV in New York. The letter should name the woman for whom the writer (male) wants to win. A husband may wish to win for a wife, a father for a daughter, a boss for a super-secretary. A couple attending the show in person may be chosen out of the audience and interviewed just before the show, if the man has an impressive reason for wishing to reward the lady. Even a "Payoff Partner"—a male out-of-towner who can't be in New York at the show—can join in the winnings when a contestant who is present answers questions for him. In addition, every week a woman who has no man to win for her is chosen from the studio audience, and a celebrity guest attempts to win for her, becoming her "man" for the moment.

Emcee of *The Big Payoff* is Randy Merriman, who co-stars with glamorous Bess Myerson. Randy is a graduate of sports announcing, disk-jockeying, even circus barking when he was still a schoolboy. He has been a doorman at various big-city movie houses, before joining a vaudeville act and then managing vaudeville theaters. He was a successful announcer on radio before he became a quizmaster, is married and has three children, a girl and two boys.

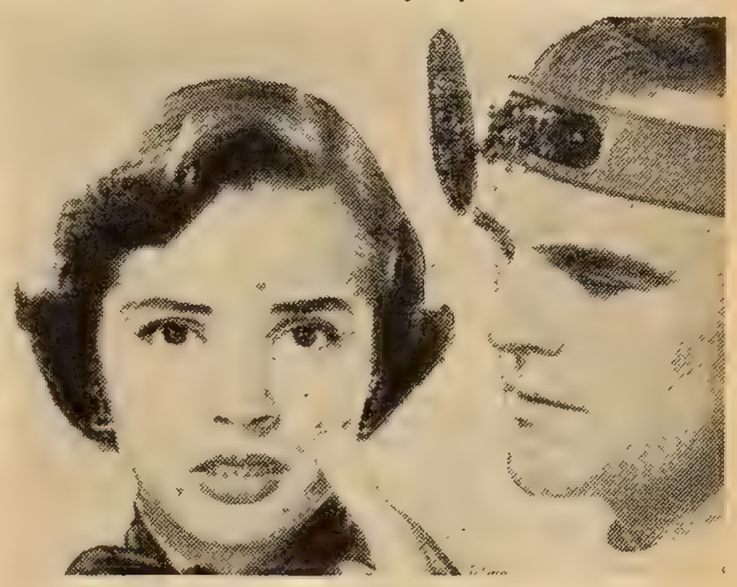
Because it is primarily a stunt show, emcee Art Linkletter and *People Are Funny* seek out some participants to fit certain stunts they have in mind—never of course letting contestants know why they are being approached. "We may need a housewife one week," producer John Guedel tells us. "We may need a woman for some particular stunt who has a bubbling, happy kind of personality, without any other specific requirement. A stunt may require a guy who has become a father that day, or it may require a schoolteacher, or a newly married couple. In these cases, we look for them." In addition, staff members are always on the lookout for interesting and resourceful people who capture audience enthusiasm.

"But the two major ways to get on this program," Guedel continues, "are the same

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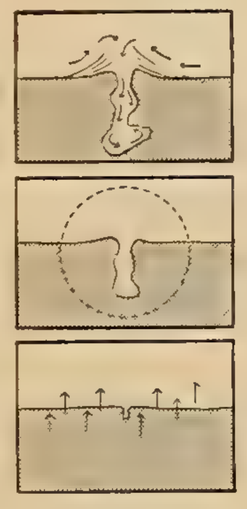
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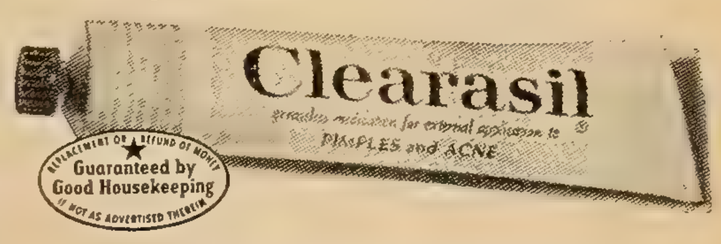


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as for most others: You write in and tell enough about yourself to arouse interest (enclosing a snapshot), and then wait to be asked to appear for a personal interview. The address is John Guedel Productions, 8321 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Or, you write to NBC-TV Ticket Division, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.—four to eight weeks in advance—and ask for tickets to a broadcast, and hope to be picked from the studio audience on the fateful day."

After twenty-two years in the business, stuntmaster Art Linkletter has almost a sixth sense in selecting interesting and amusing contestants on the basis of just a few seconds of pre-broadcast interviewing. People come to the show, have a chance to be invited on the stage, and nobody—whether a pre-arranged guest or one picked out of the audience—knows what is going to be asked of him or her until Art says so on the air.

Linkletter himself gives the impression of having a perpetual party on his own shows. Perhaps it is because, as the adopted son of a minister and his wife, he came smack up against the realities of life when he was very young, and parties and fun are still something to get wide-eyed about. He worked his way through San Diego State College, was attracted to radio and got into it while still in college.

He's been married since 1935 to his pretty wife, Lois, and there are five "little Links." Jack, nearing 20, now appears once a week on Dad's *House Party* program, over CBS-TV and Radio; Dawn, 17, and Robert, 12, are hoping; Sharon, 10, and Diane 8, are still interested in dolls and games and TV cowboys and spacemen.

On his daily *House Party,* Art's love for kids comes out plain for all to see, as does his honest and direct way of dealing with them. On *People Are Funny,* his love for fun-loving kids of all ages, from four to four-score-and-twenty, comes out, equally plain for all to see.

Contestants on Ralph Edwards' brainchild, *Truth Or Consequences,* are chosen from studio audiences, except in the case of what they call "frame" acts, when someone is "framed" to appear for a particular stunt, without previous knowledge of it. For the average person who wants to get on the show, the way is simple: Just write NBC-TV Ticket Division, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif., and ask for tickets far enough in advance to make it possible to fill your request. Usually, it's about the standard eight weeks, but it can be much longer, depending on the demand, so ask early and state the approximate date when you can be on hand.

Emcee Bob Barker and the producer screen and select participants during the half hour before show time, looking for those they think will fit the stunts slated for that day's show. If one involves a talkative woman, for instance, they look for a nice, gabby, friendly sort of girl in the audience. If they need a salesman type, they look for that kind of man.

In the case of some pre-arranged stunts that have to be set up ahead of time, such as reunions with loved ones or old friends, someone close to the subject is informed and sees to it that the subject will be in the studio audience that day, unaware of what is to take place or his part in it. Carry-over stunts depend on the same person being available for several days, sometimes weeks, and in these cases, too, the contestants are "framed" beforehand.

It is emcee Bob Barker who is usually responsible for final choice of a contestant. He has a good idea of the type of person who will be fun to work with and will play right along with the show and have fun, too. Bob was born in Derrington, Washington, got his first job in radio when he was a Drury College student in Springfield, Missouri, although his big interest then was geology rather than dramatics. He was in the Navy during World War II, went back to college, thought that working in a radio station might be interesting and stopped in at the local station to ask for a job. Surprisingly, he got it. They needed an announcer, asked him to audition.

He had no idea what that meant, but he read from a handful of papers they handed him, became newswriter and newscaster, sportscaster, disk jockey, whatever was required. Later, he specialized in audience participation shows, paving the way for his job on *Truth Or Consequences.* Bob's wife, Dorothy Jo, was his high-school sweetheart. They were married when he got his Navy wings, and, when he began his radio shows, she worked along with him.

Bob was "discovered" for *Truth Or Consequences* by the fellow who first made it famous, Ralph Edwards (now emcee of *This Is Your Life*). Ralph heard Bob doing a show of his own while listening to his car radio, and liked what he heard.

Beat The Clock and *The Price Is Right* in New York, and *Queen For A Day* in Hollywood, pick all their contestants right out of studio audiences only a little while before they go on the air. Tickets for *Beat The Clock* are obtained by writing to CBS-TV Ticket Division, 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. This is actually a stunt or game show, more than a straight quiz, and everyone in the audience has just as good a chance to be chosen for it as anyone else. (We suggest you expect to wait six or eight weeks after your ticket request, however, as the letters and postcards pour in continuously.)

Contestants are picked in pairs, most often being engaged or married couples, but not always. Sometimes two strangers in the audience are paired off, if both agree. Top prize involves a "bonus stunt" that starts at $5,000 and works its way up, week after week, in $1,000 jumps.

Bud Collyer, emcee and co-producer of *Beat The Clock* ever since it came to television from radio in the spring of 1950, was a man ahead of the times in the restrained and quiet way he works with contestants, keeping them in the spotlight and letting them have all the fun. With a law degree from Fordham University in New York, and two years of a law clerkship, Bud abandoned it all for show business, following the footsteps of his actress mother and his actress sister, June Collyer, wife of Stu Erwin. He's also married to an actress, Marian Shockley, has two teen-age daughters and a teen-age son.

The Price Is Right, the daily morning program, suggests you write in well ahead for tickets to the broadcasts, care of NBC-TV Ticket Division, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. As mentioned, contestants are picked from the studio audience. The show awards prizes to contestants who guess the sales value of those same prizes, and a contestant stays on as long as he keeps winning over the three others in his "bids" for the assorted merchandise (valued from a few dollars to more than $15,000). Out-of-town and other home viewers participate in the biggest prizes via a "Showcase" bid by mail. It's not strictly a quiz program, as you can see, but falls roughly into that category.

(Another version of *The Price Is Right* is scheduled for night-time TV viewing beginning the first week in October. Whether Bill Cullen will be emcee of both day and night versions is still unannounced, as we go to press.)

Bill Cullen, the present show's jaunty 37-year-old host, had a long preparation for this job. He started a pre-medical course at the University of Pittsburgh, his home city, left college when family money got tight, worked in a garage, got a chance to be a Pittsburgh radio disk jockey. He has announced orchestras, done staff announcing, got his first big emcee break on a quiz show. He has been a midget-auto racer, a flyer, an active member of the civilian defense air arm. Bill is married to Ann Macomber, former model, movie and TV actress.

Like all shows for which participants are picked right out of the audience, every candidate for *Queen For A Day* arrives on stage and on camera by following the same procedure. First, you write for tickets—to the NBC-TV Ticket Division, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.—expecting the usual eight weeks' wait. When you have your ticket, you fill in answers to the few simple questions on it. *If I were chosen Queen For A Day my wish would be . . .* and then add your reason. Third, you mention anything unusual about yourself. That's it.

Cards are turned in at the door as you enter the Moulin Rouge, where the broadcast originates. They are then brought to a panel composed of six of the staff personnel of the show. They go over all cards, reading every wish and every reason for wanting it to be fulfilled, and finally choose twenty-one. These twenty-one are called up on the stage by number only and interviewed by emcee Jack Bailey and the producer. Bailey himself interviews them for personality, voice, general presentation—and the honesty and sincerity of the wish. (If the wish isn't sincere, that comes out during the on-the-air interview, and the audience rejects the candidate.)

Five women are finally chosen and seated at the Candidates' Table when the show goes on the air. They tell their stories, the studio audience shows by its applause (registered on an applause meter) which one has given the best reason for being Queen. The important thing here is to be in the Hollywood area already—or to say when you will be and get in your request for tickets well ahead—and to have a good and definite reason for wanting to be *Queen For A Day.* The kind of reason that will stand up well under direct and searching questioning.

Jack Bailey has been assisting at these coronations for eleven years, on radio and TV, and during that time he has distributed around fourteen million in gifts to women who have flocked to the program from all over the country. Perhaps his zest for his job started back in his childhood, when he was chosen at the age of twelve to act as the church Santa Claus in Hampton, Iowa, where his family lived. In his early teens, he began to get the training for his future career by joining a touring stock company.

Jack is a veteran performer on both radio and television now, has the same enthusiasm with which he started, thinks the ladies who appear on his show, bless 'em, are wonderful. He has an attractive Queen of his own, his wife Carol, whom he married seventeen years ago.

So there you have it. The rules are sometimes changed, the formats altered a little, so watch your television screen. Announcements to help people who want to participate are usually made at some point in each program.

To start things off, however, in most cases, you write the best letter about yourself that you know how, remembering that it must compete with thousands of others constantly coming in. Or join a studio audience and look your brightest when they begin rounding up the likely candidates. Then all you have to do is get up and prove you know all the answers!

He Will Never Be a Has-Been!

(*Continued from page 42*)

. . . let the facts talk. I'd feel funny blowing my own horn."

Gene Smith, his cousin, best friend and confidant, has come in from the kitchen of the two-room suite, along with his brother Carol, Arthur Hooten and Cliff Gleaves—all school chums and buddies from Memphis. Elvis looks up.

"It's getting time for lunch," says Gene. "What's for you?"

"I'm not hungry." Elvis glances at the publicity man Johnny Rothwell and the reporter. "You folks eat yet?"

"Yes, we did," says the publicity man.

"You got to eat," Gene insists to Elvis. The boys are looking concerned.

"I don't if I'm not hungry," says Elvis. But with a firm "I'm sending something up, anyway," Gene walks out, the boys following.

Elvis jerks his chin toward the door. "They've been calling these friends of mine 'bodyguards.' Do I look like I need a bodyguard? And why take it out on these boys? They're here to keep me company. Sure, they run interference for me when I go in and out of stage doors. You know how the kids are sometimes—they'd tear my clothes off for souvenirs, and that's no joke. But *bodyguards*! I swear! Why would I want bodyguards against my own fans? I'm on the go so much, away from my family. Can't people understand I get lonesome? Having my friends here makes the rushing around easier to bear."

The reporter is struck by a coincidence. "Did you know that Lionel Barrymore and Robert Taylor were listed on this floor? Also Stewart Granger, Yul Brynner, Glenn Ford. . ."

Elvis snaps out of a brooding silence to ask, "Say, I wonder if Gable ever used this room?"

"Gable never did," says the publicity man. "But Sinatra did when he made 'High Society,' and Crosby used it when he did 'Man on Fire.' "

"Gollee! Crosby and Sinatra," echoes Elvis, lost in the marvel of some private dream. "And now me? Don't pinch me or I'll wake up . . ."

He has draped himself into a leather club chair. He seems relaxed and contemplative. It's hard to believe he has been on the treadmill since early morning. At eight, he reported to the recording studio for rehearsals; then a stiff workout at the gym; then back for two more hours of intense rehearsing. Now a fast lunch is to be downed in the course of an interview which, because of its subject matter, is bound to be emotionally disturbing.

The reporter studies him curiously. *How does he manage it?* she wonders. Yet there he is, smiling, his white pigskin shoes, tan suede jacket and dark yellow slacks giving him a surface air of casual jauntiness. He notices her staring at the disc-shaped ornament hanging around his neck, and he fingers it fondly. "It's Indian work," he explains. "A very sweet kid gave it to me when I did a show up in Canada. This kid—when she hung it over my head, she told me it would bring me luck. Luck! What else have I had *but*?"

With his sideburns gone—for the first half of the film, he wears a crew cut wig—Elvis looks younger than at any period since he hit the big-time. Part of this is due to the fact that he has dropped from 183 to 172 pounds during the nine days of his most recent personal-appearance tour. Though he looks younger in the physical sense, there is a new quality of firmness and deliberation in his manner.

"I don't eat or sleep too well on these trips," says Elvis. "I get too keyed up and, when I go back to my room, the whole performance keeps racing through my head over and over—especially if it was a bad one."

No question has been asked but he evidently senses one. "Oh, sure, I always know when it hasn't been up to par. Maybe the audience doesn't feel anything wrong, but I can feel right down in my bones when it hasn't been a real knocked-out-and-gone show. That's when I need the fellows around me most. Gene will start talking about the old days back home, and Carol or Cliff or someone will kick it around and we'll remember this or that. It always ends the same way. I get a terrible hunger to talk to my folks. Generally, I pick up the phone and call them."

Suddenly, he chuckles softly. "The things you writers say! One fellow came to see me and he spotted a book on the table. Matter of fact, it wasn't my book—somebody forgot it. 'So you read,' he says. I began to do a burn. 'Of course I read,' I told him. Then he says, 'Do you like "the three B's"?' So I said, 'Are they any kin to "the three R's"?' So he wrote that 'Elvis never heard of Bach, Beethoven or Brahms.' I told this story to another writer and she looked at me and said, 'I think I'll do a story on "Is Elvis Going Longhair?" ' I guess if she saw me playing pool, which I find relaxing, she'd do a piece on 'Is Elvis going hoodlum?' "

He grins at the reporter and asks slyly, "Didn't you write a column about which young man will replace Elvis?"

"Which do you think will?" the reporter fires back.

Elvis throws back his head and roars at the thrust. "Like the Colonel says . . . *quote*, There's plenty of room at the top, *unquote*."

A knock comes at the door and two busboys enter with his lunch. The tray holds a rasher of bacon, a double order of mashed potatoes, a bowl of brown gravy, a plate of sliced tomatoes, two large glasses of tomato juice and an order of bread and butter. "Me for the simple food," remarks Elvis. "I'd rather eat cornbread and buttermilk in private than the fanciest meal in a restaurant with everyone watching me like I was a trained seal." He points his fork at the reporter. "I'm not knocking my fans. They put the food on this plate. But I like to eat in quiet."

The reporter nods. "What do you think of Tommy Sands?" she asks.

Elvis' eyes brighten. "You know Tommy? That's a great boy. He's got it."

The reporter has taken a clip of papers from her bag and Elvis, seeing this, shrugs. "You've been checking on how I'm doing?"

"I picked these up on my way home. . . at the Colonel's office." The clippings cover the nine-day tour Elvis made prior to beginning "Jailhouse Rock" at M-G-M. In fourteen appearances, his troupe netted $308,000—after taxes. He drew a larger turnout in Philadelphia than President Eisenhower did in his last campaign. There, said the *Inquirer's* front-page story, he had to sing to himself because of the "frenzied applause." In St. Louis, he racked up $32,000 for one performance. He wiggled, wailed and thumped his guitar for more than 28,000 adoring fans at his two shows in Detroit, and one hundred forty extra policemen were assigned to Olympia auditorium—plus the twelve special police, ten patrolmen and staff of ushers who helped him in and out of the theater. Almost 1,000 cheering fans fought a small but determined battle, trying to get a glimpse of their idol in his dressing-



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room—they simply wouldn't believe loudspeaker announcements that he had already left for his hotel.

Most of the clippings reported that huge crowds had begun to queue up at the box office before 9 A.M., for shows that were scheduled for 2 P.M. The evening crowds, while equally large and enthusiastic, were said to be sprinkled with older people who helped bring a measure of order to the proceedings. One account stated that "Presley, the troubadour with the long sideburns, gives off more electricity than the Edison Co.'s combined transmitters."

Flipping through the sheaf of papers, the reporter makes note of the fact that Elvis is still garnering an estimated 30,000 fan letters a week and that he received over 300,000 cards at Christmas, including a goodly number from abroad. It carried the secretarial staff well into May before they were through tabulating this avalanche. And, not so long ago, Glenwood Dodgson, a male beautician of Grand Rapids—acting on the principle that "whoever is adored will be mimicked"—came up with a "slicked-back haircut with tufted sideburns a la Presley." It was featured by *Life* magazine and the United Press. Within a span of three months, more than 15,000 eager customers, both girls and boys, had swarmed into his chain of shops, begging to be done over in their idol's image.

The reporter reads this item aloud. Elvis, listening with knife and fork poised, lets out a hearty guffaw. "I'm flattered, you bet," he says. "But what bowls me over is that a lot of them were girls!" He points to his "butch" wig. "I sure hope they don't run out after this new picture and get themselves crew cuts. I like girls to be girly-looking . . . you know?"

In his own work, Elvis shows a sharp distaste for copying. He has struggled mightily to hammer out a style and sound of his own, and the results are now a matter of recording history. For nearly two years, his renditions have topped the best-selling lists compiled by disc jockeys, juke-box operators and TV and radio pollsters.

The reporter sees a notation by Colonel Parker on one of the pages: "To show how foolish this stuff about Elvis slipping can be—his 'All Shook Up' is number one on the hit parade." There is another note on the inspirational numbers Elvis has cut: "They said the fans wouldn't accept 'Peace in the Valley,' 'I Believe,' and 'Take My Hand.' Too highbrow. Well, all these are selling fine. The kids love them as much as the older folks. Who can tell how many of these gospel tunes will be still selling in the next few years—but I'd bet it will be plenty. There's a steady market for these tunes . . ."

Has Elvis thought of giving Calypso a fling? Elvis shakes his head thoughtfully. "I did try a couple—in private, that is. But it didn't feel right for me. I get a lift hearing Belafonte and the singers who do Calypso, and I hope they make millions. But it's not for me."

The publicity man remarks that Elvis, in spite of his youth, has a reliable instinct for picking commercial tunes. "He picks his numbers, and not only that—he picked the titles for his three movies. He did it by figuring out which song would score the biggest hit. Then the studios used them for the titles. You know he guessed right on 'Love Me Tender' and 'Loving You,' and we're betting here that 'Jailhouse Rock' will top both of them."

His lunch now over, Elvis is back in the leather chair, arms locked behind his head. The other lads have returned. Gene lies down with a mystery book. The rest play cards. Elvis observes them a minute, then grins broadly. "Hot bunch of highbrows, aren't we?" He eyes the reporter alertly as she jots a note, and she explains: "I'm setting a few words down on a theory I have—I think some of the people who think you're slipping are the sort who react against any change. Have you noticed, every time you've changed your pace, they've started the same refrain?"

"Actually," says Elvis, "I didn't change pace, as far as the religious songs go. If that's highbrow, then I've been that way since I was five, because I've been singing them since I started going to church."

Watching him bent over in meditation, silent, his chin in hand, the reporter is struck by an idea. Can it be that Elvis is just growing up, and that's what is bothering some of his critics? After all, it's quite a while since he did the Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan shows that started him skyrocketing. Aloud she asks, "Are you taking acting lessons? You once told me that remembering lines wasn't as hard as interpreting them—is it easier now?"

Elvis hesitates. "It's easier . . . but I've just begun to scratch the surface. I've got a 'fur piece to go' before I'll call myself a good actor."

Having interviewed many of the professionals Elvis has worked with, the reporter quotes Debra Paget, Richard Egan, Wendell Corey, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Natalie Wood and Ernest Borgnine to the effect that he shows promise of becoming an actor of rare dramatic distinction.

Elvis listens intently, his face expressionless. She reads a quotation from Corey. "The boy learns fast. Everything he does is touched with talent. I thought him vastly improved over his first job of acting. He seemed better prepared and it was a more suitable part. His timing was fine and he reacted more naturally to his fellow actors. He's learning how to have an impact on the whole scene."

Corey's interest in Elvis was sparked by his own thirteen-year-old daughter, Robin. It came about the night they saw "Friendly Persuasion." Wendell remarked that his old friend, Gary Cooper, had turned in an award-winning job. To his astonishment, Robin looked blank and asked, "Which was he, Daddy?" The dumfounded Corey saw that, if the younger generation were forgetting Coop, they'd naturally lose track of him, too. So, when a chance came up to appear with Presley in "Loving You," Wendell grabbed it. He hasn't regretted it, either. "It taught me not to judge these kids beforehand. Elvis turned out to be a simple, polite, and friendly lad. Not at all flashy. Nothing phony. He's a gentleman and I've had him to my home several times."

The reporter stops. Elvis' eyes are shining. "He's my friend," he says. "What else would he say?" He gets up and paces about. "I'm glad and proud he likes me. I've made some good friends here. Wendell Corey, Nick Adams, Bob Mitchum . . . some others, too." His voice quickens. "But I'm on the road so much. And, when I'm in town, I'm busy rehearsing, studying, cutting records . . . it's hard to make friends at that rate."

Is Elvis trying to do too much at one time? It's a touchy question, but Elvis has a ready answer. "I might be going into service soon," he says simply, "and I hear some of the boys who went in were just plain forgotten by the time they got out. They had to start from scratch again. I figure the more I do now, the harder it might be to forget me. Then there's that saying about making hay while the sun shines." He calls over to one of the boys, "Say, Carol, do you have that letter from the kid out in Kansas?"

"Kansas City, Missouri," Carol corrects. He goes to a cabinet and fumbles around inside until he finds the right letter. He hands it to the reporter, who reads: "Dearest Elvi-poo, That's my special nickname for you. . . ." She glances up, amused, and Elvis says ruefully, "Okay, give me the business . . . but don't make the kid sound silly. She's only twelve." The reporter reads on, "I just got through playing 'All Shook Up' for the fifty-first time, and honest, I couldn't go to sleep till I wrote you thanks. Please make lots more 'cause it says in the papers they are going to make you a soldier. And my Daddy says we're going to lose you for a few years. I don't think Daddy likes me to like you, 'cause I'm only twelve and the whole country is going nuts—but *I* won't, if he has anything to say. Which he does. So please, dearest Elvi-poo, please sing and make lots of movies so I won't miss you so much when you go away. . . ."

The phone has begun to ring, and Elvis beats Gene to it. "It's Colonel Parker," he says. And, while he talks, the reporter turns her attention to the publicity man. "A couple of magazines have claimed his fan clubs are falling off," she says.

"Right in that clip of papers, you'll find some statistics," he answers, "and it proves his clubs are growing, if anything." Searching the papers, she finds reference to a recent poll taken by the Los Angeles Junior Press Club. It offered prizes for the best letters on Presley, pro and con. Suggested subjects were: Is he a lewd fellow who leads the youth into hysteria and sin? Or is he, as Senator Kefauver put it, "Just a nice young lad from Tennessee"? Eighty-seven percent said Elvis was tops.

The winning letter was written by a Pauline Garret of Banning, California, and argues that: "The people who hate him most usually never met him or saw him perform. They base their opinions on hearsay. . . ."

"But," asks the reporter, "what about these kids who read about you bringing Yvonne Lime or Natalie Wood to meet your parents . . . and who then sit down and have a good cry?"

Elvis looks at her, obviously baffled. "Look, I'm a normal guy. At my age, it's only normal to want to date a girl once in a while. Other entertainers do it, and nobody gets crabby. Why pick on me? I've had lots of fellows down to meet my folks in Memphis. Why not a girl? Anyway, they're always chaperoned by their mothers. What's the big deal?"

"Maybe that reaction of the kids is another proof that, far from having slipped, you're moving full steam ahead," suggests the reporter, rising to leave. "My neighbor has a boy—oh, about nine—and, the other night, some friends were over and one of them asked the boy what he'd like to be when he grew up. 'I'd like to be famous,' he said. 'You mean like Eisenhower or Einstein?' But the boy said, 'I mean like Elvis Presley.' His mother chimed in with a loud 'Amen!' The friend stared at her and asked, 'You honestly mean that?' And the mother said, 'If my boy grows up as decent and successful a young man as Elvis, I'll be happy.'"

A sudden and strange emotion crosses Elvis' face. One hand on the doorknob, he stands deep in thought. "That's a big responsibility, isn't it?" he finally says, as if to himself. "Ma'am," he raises his head, "a year ago, I'd probably have said something like 'I'm all shook up.' It's different now. I can't think up anything smart to say. Tell that lady and her boy thanks for the compliment. Say I . . . say I hope he'll grow up a better man than me."

At that moment, he looks quite mature. He smiles wistfully, passes a hand over the crew cut wig, and walks slowly down the stairs to meet the challenge of another day. . . .

He's Walkin' on Air . . .

(*Continued from page* 28)

many minutes—"it seemed like an hour, but I guess it was about fifteen minutes . . . or maybe thirteen"—the standard shriek of the young in heart and the powerful of lung made it impossible for the performance to begin. "And . . . ah, the first fifteen rows in the auditorium were filled with girls . . . they were just great. . . ."

Two shows were scheduled consecutively, with an intermission between, so as to give the entire student body the experience of seeing the Nelson—Four Preps program. Between shows, the entertainers were "secluded" in the basement of the school, a fact instantly discerned by fans who found ways of opening the windows—fortuitously placed so that one could lie on the grass and peer down into the concrete fortress—to continue to halloa at their guests.

At the end of the show, only the aid of several of the school's football heroes made it possible for the boys to get into their car and retreat. "I guess I'll never forget it," says Ricky, wagging his sincere head. "They were *so* great."

His next appearances before live audiences will take place at about the time you are reading this. Ricky and the Four Preps are scheduled to entertain at the Indiana State Fair, and at the Iowa State Fair. "At the Indiana State Fair, we follow *George Gobel*," Ricky says, his incredulity keeping stride with a carefully controlled delight.

Incidentally, the guitar he will use will be his own, and thereby hangs a tale. Ricky's birthday is May 8. On or about March 1, he started a subtle campaign. At table, or in the midst of some such family gathering, he would drop some such remark as, "There's really a swell collection of guitars at the Music Center—and priced right, too." Or, "I happened to be passing that music store on Hollywood Boulevard the other day and saw a real neat guitar. I stopped in for a minute . . . the guitar has a good tone . . . I might save some dough and invest . . . some time. . . ."

The family appeared as impervious to these delicate arrows as a coat of mail would be to a mosquito bite.

A few days before RN Day—May 8, that is—Ozzie said with a straight face, "We're in a quandary about what to get you for your birthday. Your mother has a package or two put away, and I've been thinking that it was high time you had a suit tailored, but what would you like as a major gift?"

Ricky swallowed hard, shaking his head. Adults! "Well . . . I've been wanting a pair of white bucks . . . with red rubber soles and then—of course, if it's too expensive, that's something else again—but there's a guitar at the Music Center. . . ."

Struggling to maintain composure, Ozzie said casually, "I'm going to be pretty busy, so I was thinking that if you'd like to pick it up yourself . . ."

Ricky looked as though he'd swallowed a 300-watt light bulb with the current on. But all he said was, "Okay. I don't mind."

The first thing he did, in order to place the stamp of his own personality upon the instrument, was to remove the E and A bass strings—"because I have my own system of chording, and I don't need those extra strings. They just get in my way. Four strings are plenty."

The fruits of fame are swift and sweet. Ricky and a pair of friends were idling down Sunset Boulevard one afternoon when another car pulled up beside them to wait for the signal to change. In a routine manner, Ricky's companions glanced over to check the possible presence of blond beauty, and promptly uttered a tribal cry.

Two of the men in the adjacent car were members of the Jordanaires, the instrumental-singing group that backs Elvis Presley—and the third passenger was Presley himself. The two lads in Ricky's car knew the two Jordanaires, so introductions were exchanged. The conversation continued at two additional stop lights. Then—Los Angeles traffic being what it is—four trucks, a bus, and fourteen bantam cars ended the conference.

However, two days later, Ricky "happened" to be driving past the Knickerbocker Hotel—half a block north of Hollywood Boulevard, and not too far out of the way of anyone en route to General Service Studios, where *The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet* is filmed—and spotted the gyrating guitarist walking along the street. "There he was, just sort of looking over the cars parked around the hotel. He's interested in cars, you know," Ricky told his family later. "I stopped to talk to him. He's just great."

As nearly as the scene could be reconstructed, it would have made a good incident in an Ozzie and Harriet adventure. Apparently, Elvis had long been a fan of the Nelsons; he vouchsafed the information that he had watched the TV show weekly during his high-school days. In Presley's opinion, it would seem, Ricky Nelson was a revered veteran of show business, and a man well acquainted with the mysterious world of the sound stage. He plied Ricky with questions about the technical problems of movie-making. Why was this done? How much different was a filmed TV series from a wide-screen film?

As for Ricky, he was fairly breathless over talking to the foremost song stylist of this era. He kept thinking of things he would like to ask, but the words stuck to the roof of his mouth like a peanut butter sandwich. Afterward, Ricky told a friend, "I got to see Elvis' gold jacket. No, he didn't exactly show it to me. See, these friends of mine and I were up in the Jordanaires' rooms and the cleaning had just come back from valet service . . . well, Elvis's gold jacket was there on a hanger, so I got to see it."

Of such experiences are glistening memories made.

When Ricky is asked precisely why he is a Presley fan, he says simply, "Because he is exciting to watch. Because he is different." In explanation—and in magnanimous dismissal of the adult outcry against the Presley manner of delivering the beat that heats—Ricky says goodnaturedly, "Anything new is likely to get a certain amount of adult disapproval. But then—" *shrug* "—teenagers actually don't like the same things adults do. Adults have a different viewpoint. . . ."

Celebrities in general are no novelty to Ricky. For all of his seventeen years, he has been exposed to the crowned heads and the eggheads of show business. Yet the great names tossed off by one's parents have no more meaning to a youngster growing up than the names of his uncles or aunts. Adults are people to whom one is courteous, whether they are in the hardware business or taking bows at the Palace. It is the prominent personalities of one's own generation who are resplendent.

By the same token, the fame of one's family is easy to take in stride, but a real charge awaits an ambitious youngster who is able to achieve prominence under his own power. In many ways, Ricky is the



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typical younger child. Any bridge-table psychiatrist will tell you that the dreams of a youngest child often place him in a race, and the daydreams of that child give him victory.

One of Ricky's first enthusiasms was racing on ice skates. Harriet had long enjoyed skating for exercise and relaxation, but both boys quickly became adept on the frozen footrails, and usually won any event in which they were entered.

The next exertion to claim Ricky—body, soul, and racquet—was tennis. Don Budge had often been a dinner guest at the Nelson table, and Ricky had seldom missed a match in which Pancho Gonzales played, so it was inevitable that he should begin to ask himself how it might feel, one day, to be invited to play on a Davis Cup team. That did it. For several years, Ricky's every spare moment was spent on the tennis court and the sight of a backhand superior to his own produced an advanced state of melancholy. There was no need for gloom, because Ricky managed to attain a No. 5 California rating for players under sixteen years of age.

Tennis expired as the love of Ricky's life as soon as he reached legal driving age. ("I have to concentrate on one thing at a time. You might say that problem is one of my troubles.") Joyously, he entered the era of the greasy thumb. He is now driving a blue Plymouth stock car that has been tampered with only to the extent that the deck has been shaved (i.e., all chromium has been removed, the holes left by removal of the emblem have been filled in, the deck has been sandblasted, primed, and repainted), and dual pipes and cutouts have been added. Two months ago, he won a drag race supervised and held on one of the accredited drag strips near Los Angeles.

He had begun to think seriously of operating on the car's motor to get faster performance, when his mental hobby-cart shifted gears. In place of a steering wheel in his hands, his free hours were spent with a guitar under his arm.

Is there time left for romance? "Oh, I've already gone steady about five times, but there isn't anybody special right now. I guess I'm too—ah—busy and all."

His favorite type of girl? "Mmm . . . Marilyn Monroe . . . that type isn't bad at all. . . . Jayne Mansfield? Mmmm—you might say that I like a girl who's pretty all over."

What is the dating deal? "When I was a kid, I used to have a specific allowance, paid every week, but that stopped by the time I was twelve years old. Nowadays, when I have a date, I speak to my father. Five bucks will take two people to a movie, and then to a drive-in for a hamburger and a glass of milk. I'm not as crazy about pizza as some of the kids are. I like to dance, but there isn't a place for teenagers to dance around town; we have to go to somebody's house. Sometimes we just listen to recordings. Maybe my favorite recording to date is Fats Domino's 'I'm in the Mood for Love.'"

His movie favorites? "Marlon Brando and James Dean. Especially Jimmy . . . if he could have gone on—he had a lot to say, if you know what I mean, and teenagers understood him . . ."

His career theories at this time? "I don't like to analyze entertainment styles. If a style is really good, it can't be analyzed, because it is unique. There hasn't been anything like it before, so how can you say 'it's made up of this and this and this'? Put all the ingredients together and you still won't get the style, because the style is the human being.

"I don't think a person should imitate. . . . I've received some letters from teenagers who caution me: 'Don't imitate Elvis,' they say. Well, I don't and I won't. A performer should do what is natural, what he feels. He should express himself to the best of his ability. Then, if he pleases . . . well, he's in.

"I guess I'm *most* happy about my records, because they show that I can do something on my own. That's what the average kid wants to do—something on his own. . . ."

Ricky is slightly over six feet tall; his eyes are a limpid blue and his hair is heavy, unruly, and brown. A casting director would note on his file card that he has great natural charm. He also has—and this has not yet occurred to him—the perfect actor's face. It is a transparent film over his emotions; at this particular period in his life, he has not yet learned to curtain that transparency.

Uncertainty, amusement, mischief, polite disbelief, equally polite boredom, enthusiasm, embarrassment, controlled disagreement, equally controlled concurrence—all can be expressed by an eyebrow, a shifting shoulder, a slight turn of a hand, or a swift change of facial expression.

Within the immediate present, Eric Hilliard Nelson is almost certain to succeed as a recording artist. But, unless all signs fail, his future belongs to Hollywood and films, because this lad has it: The magical, indefinable touch of natural talent. The guitar is a wonderful new treasure. Ricky's real gift is one that Ozzie and Harriet Nelson gave him some seventeen years ago.

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Each year TV RADIO MIRROR polls its readers for their favorite programs and performers. This year, for the first time, the polling was begun in the July issue and continues until the end of the year. Results will be tabulated after December 31, and award winners will be announced in the May 1958 issue. So vote today. Help your favorites to win a Gold Medal.

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Dramatic Actress	Dramatic Actress
Daytime Emcee	Daytime Emcee
Evening Emcee	Evening Emcee
Musical Emcee	Musical Emcee
Quizmaster	Quizmaster
Western Star	Western Star
News Commentator	News Commentator
Sportscaster	Sportscaster
Best New Star	Best New Star
Daytime Drama	Daytime Drama
Evening Drama	Evening Drama
Daytime Variety	Daytime Variety
Evening Variety	Evening Variety
Comedy Program	Comedy Program
Music Program	Music Program
Quiz Program	Quiz Program
Women's Program	Women's Program
Children's Program	Children's Program
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Best New Program	Best New Program

TV Husband-and-Wife Team.....

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9-5

Young Man in a Hurry

(*Continued from page* 20)

only passed up the opportunity to tour with the road company of "The Lark," with Julie Harris, but risked being fired as Tallulah Bankhead's leading man on stage—which is, as Jay puts it, "a chance of a lifetime for an actor."

Jay is a slim, on-the-darkish-side six-footer with strong features and blue-gray eyes. He's been acting on both coasts—TV, movies, stage—since leaving the Army, after a six-year hitch. Acting in radio is his newest venture in the field, and he feels it's one of the most challenging: "You've got to portray every shade of a characterization with only one instrument —your voice. I'm especially fascinated with the role of Kurt Bonine because there are so many facets to his personality."

Being very energetic, with a tremendous capacity for hard work, Jay continues acting in other mediums along with his radio show. On television, he participated in a couple of important TV debuts this season. In James Cagney's show, "Soldier From the War Returning," Jay was Cagney's commanding officer. And, in Ethel Merman's "Honest in the Rain," Jay enacted the happily married man who was trying to get his brother married to Miss Merman. Performing in the *Phil Silvers Show* several times, Jay was recently seen as a lieutenant colonel—a rank he actually holds in the Army Reserves.

Ingenious Jay has not only managed to do night-time TV, he even took on a Broadway play—Tallulah Bankhead's "Eugenia"—with a six-week tryout in New Haven, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Every day, he commuted from the CBS Manhattan studio to whatever town the play was running.

One of the reasons that Jay covers so much ground, literally as well as figuratively, is that he goes everywhere via motor scooters and motorbikes. He owns two scooters and five motorbikes—"so that I can switch parts without waiting to have them repaired and keep rolling." And keep rolling on them he does! Jay on his scooter, with cap, driving glasses, mitts and bike clips, is such a familiar figure in Manhattan's snarled traffic lanes, pulling in or out at the radio and TV stations, at the theaters and at the airports, that most New York columnists have told the "Jay scooter" story, at one time or another.

He took to scooters several seasons back, while making movies in Hollywood: "It took so long to get to one studio from another, walking or taking a bus. Taxis are expensive, and it seems they're never around when you need them in a hurry. With your own car, you spend half the time trying to find a parking space. There's always room for a scooter."

Jay has found that he saves at least two hours a day going the scooter way and that the two-wheel vehicles are dependable. He's had only one close call of almost arriving late for a performance because of scooter trouble. As he described it, "After a TV show, I had twelve minutes to scoot to the Circle in the Square (an off-Broadway theater) for a performance of 'The Grass Harp.' It was the night of Hurricane Carol. A passing truck drenched my motorbike, causing a short in the ignition. There I was, stranded, still in my TV costume of a prison uniform! The first cab I hailed took one look and sped off like a jackrabbit. A policeman gave me the eye, but made no move to pick me up. I finally 'commandeered' another cab—and made the entrance with but ten seconds to spare."

Jay sticks with his mode of transportation regardless of winter snow and sleet. When "Eugenia" opened its out-of-town pre-Broadway run, it was the latter part of December. "After the morning *Helen Trent* broadcast, I'd scoot to the airport—I get there in twenty minutes, half the time it takes by bus. I'd have another scooter waiting for me at the airport at the other end, getting me to the theater in time for rehearsal. After the performance, I'd return to New York."

The commuting arrangement, which had been agreed upon in Jay's "Eugenia" contract, worked out smoothly until one day Jay arrived for rehearsal one hour late. But Jay's scooter wasn't the cause. His scheduled flight to Boston was canceled because it was New Year's Day, and he had no alternative but to wait for a later flight. When he arrived at the theater, Tallulah became aware for the first time that Jay left for New York each night.

"I thought she knew it all along," Jay says, "because she saw me leave the theater every night in my scooter rigs. At first, I thought she looked at me in rather an absent-minded manner when I'd say goodnight. I found out the reason several nights later, when she happened to see me as I was about to put on my riding cap and glasses. Out came the famous Tallulah Bankhead laugh. She said, 'My God—it's been *you*! I couldn't imagine who the tall man with the glasses was who so politely bid me good night. It's *you* behind those glasses.' Then she ran out to see me take off, and the cast told me later she laughed till her ribs hurt."

But apparently Tallulah had thought Jay was just scooting around Boston, for she was aghast upon learning that he was risking 500 miles of traveling daily in mid-winter weather conditions. "She told me nicely, but firmly, that I either drop the *Trent* show or she would be forced to give me two weeks' notice. Later, after the performance at a New Year's Eve party for the cast, she took me aside to persuade me to decide in favor of her show.

"I was in a dilemma," Jay admits. "I left the party and took a long walk to think things out. I didn't want to drop the *Trent* show. The writer had graciously written me out on theater matinee days, and I had promised I would continue with the role. At the same time, I knew getting fired from the Tallulah cast would have repercussions. It would be difficult to make any one believe that I wasn't fired for any other reason than incompetence. Finally, I decided that, regardless of the outcome, there as only one thing to do.

"The next day, when Tallulah asked me if I had decided, I told her I would have to continue with the *Trent* show because I had given my word. To my surprise—and relief—she looked at me quietly and said, 'I understand perfectly, and you're quite right. I respect you for your stand, and we'll get along the best we can. But you will do one thing for me, won't you? Ask them for me to *please* write you out as often as they can until we open on Broadway.' Unknown to me, I had hit a spot that I've since learned is very important to her—loyalty. She herself has never gone back on a promise or her word to a producer."

The play didn't run long on Broadway, but Jay garnered good notices and feels the experience of playing with the great Bankhead was an invaluable one. "What a lesson in acting she can give everyone," he says. "She feels a tremendous responsibility to the audience and wants everyone



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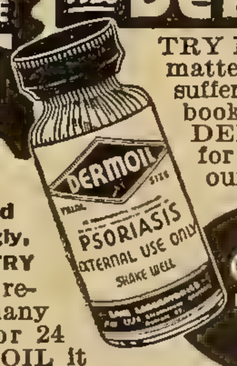
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to give their best. When she's offstage, she always listens to the others on stage and, when they come off, she has helpful comments to make."

Jay found that, off stage, Tallulah is as magnetic as on stage—witty, full of fun and amusing. The first night the cast arrived in Boston, a line rehearsal was held in her hotel suite and Tallulah called room-service for refreshments. The service man at the other end was apparently trying to find out where to deliver the order. 'Room number?' exclaimed Tallulah in the phone. 'I have *no* idea. Just go up and down the hallways, you'll hear me laughing.'"

Jay feels that until an actor is a star, he should, within reason, take every role that comes his way. "For me, it seems that roles come in numbers, or else it'll be very quiet. I feel I've got to make the most of those fertile periods."

Sometimes that means going at a pace which borders on the "too much" side, even for inexhaustible Jay, and once he almost faltered in his belief.

He experienced the most hectic week of his career two seasons ago, when he was playing the running role of the district attorney on the TV daytime-drama series, *First Love,* and was cast in the Broadway play, "The Young and Beautiful," as actress Lois Smith's father. Every day, he performed in an off-Broadway play, performed on TV and rehearsed in another TV and another off-Broadway play. In the morning, he rehearsed a Robert Montgomery show. That afternoon, he rehearsed and performed in TV's *First Love,* then went on to the "Young and Beautiful" rehearsal. He started off the evening with a performance in Kafka's "The Trial," at the Provincetown Playhouse, and ended it with rehearsal of another off-Broadway venture, "Spring's Awakening."

"Nothing has compared to that week," he sighs thankfully. "I thought I had another week of too many doings recently, when—in addition to the *Trent* show—I was on the NBC *True Confession* series, did a Voice of America broadcast of the play 'Our Town,' performed in scenes for an American Theater Wing demonstration, and gave a lecture before a speech association. Oh, yes—I finished my role in a movie for the medical profession that week, too. Well, as I said, I thought that was a lot. But at least it was spread out through the week, not every day."

Jay has found that, even when he has wondered about the wisdom of some of his undertakings, quite often he has been pleasantly surprised at the results. One example is the Broadway play of several seasons ago, "The Immoralist," in which Jay half-heartedly agreed to be the understudy to the star, Louis Jourdan. By the last few days of the show's run, Jay was sure he had taken on a thankless job. But it turned out that Jourdan couldn't play the last two performances and Jay stepped into the role. "Critics didn't get to see me," he remembers, "but the word got around that I did a good job, and rumors of that kind help."

A critic once said of Jay, "He hasn't a bad performance in him." In reply to this, Jay says, "I think critics and audiences are better judges of that than I can be. But I do believe firmly in trying to do my best, whether it's in the classroom, a hardly noticeable part or something big. That's the only way you can develop in becoming a good actor—by working hard at every role you take. And, frequently, that role will lead to another."

Jay's role in *The Romance Of Helen Trent* stems from the work he did in a radio acting class, in which one of the directors was Ernie Ricca, director of *Helen Trent.* Jay, who hasn't stopped studying acting in some group or other since his summer-theater apprentice days, enrolled in the class with his last fifty-four dollars on the G.I. bill.

"I had done very little radio work," he points out, "and felt inadequate in the medium. But I worked hard in the class and apparently Ernie liked my work—for, when the Kurt Bonine role came up, he recommended me as one of the possibilities. Of course, I didn't get the part without competing in numerous readings with many others. But the point is that I probably wouldn't have had a chance in the running, if Ernie hadn't been familiar with my work." It was the same thing with "Eugenia." Herb Machiz, the director, had worked with Jay in an off-Broadway production of "Death of Odysseus." The production ran only several nights, but Machiz remembered Jay's work as Odysseus, to the extent that he suggested the actor for the Bankhead play. "For 'Eugenia,'" Jay recalls, "I went through a grueling screening before I got the part. But, again, I probably wouldn't have had a chance to get anywhere near a tryout if someone with the show hadn't known my work."

In another "good break," Jay got the role without trying for it—the part of Dr. Kramer in the movie, "The Shrike," starring Jose Ferrer and June Allyson. Jay, who had played in Ferrer's production of "Richard III" at City Center, ran into Ferrer on a Hollywood street—Jay on his scooter, of course, Ferrer in a car.

"Just finished doing 'Battle Taxi,'" Jay replied to Ferrer's question. "Hear you're here for 'The Shrike.' Keep me in mind, eh?" Ferrer did. A couple of weeks later, Jay—who was back in New York—received a wire from his Hollywood agent saying, "Take plane right away. Ferrer wants you for 'Shrike.'"

Although Jay feels very strongly about the importance of working hard at acting, he doesn't think that factor alone is sufficient until an actor has become a star. He feels it is equally important for an actor to be promoted properly: "I know a lot of good actors, really very talented, who don't get all the roles they should. On the other hand, sometimes a not very talented actor gets to the top because of a skillful promotion-publicity job."

Jay does his own promoting and handles it as competently as a professional publicist. To producers, directors and newspapers, he sends printed cards, review pages, news releases and quips. "I don't overdo it," he smiles, "but I think this part of my working hard at being an actor is very important. When I did the publicity for our R.O.T.C. military ball at the University of Chicago, I learned you've got to tell people about a coming event if you want them to attend. In acting, this is doubly true. Producers and directors are very busy people. It's not enough to do a good job—you've got to let them *know* you're doing it."

Jay learned to be realistic, resourceful and a hard worker in his childhood. "We were poor by choice. My father worked in his father's furniture business in Elgin, Illinois, until I was four. Then Dad decided he didn't want to stay in the business—he wanted to travel around the country. My mother agreed that it sounded like a good idea. So we got into Dad's model-T Ford and traveled until I was twelve.

"When we'd find a place we liked," Jay remembers, "we'd stay put for a while, Dad taking on a milk or laundry route. For a long time, we followed state fairs and carnivals, where Dad would run a popcorn stand and I sold balloons. Other

times, we followed the crops and worked in the fields. By the time we returned to home grounds, settling in Maywood, Illinois, where Dad opened a candy store, I had been in every state with the exception of Maine and South Dakota. And I had attended eighteen different schools."

While on the road, Jay began helping his father at the various odd jobs at the age of six. In Maywood, he continued to be his Dad's helper in the candy store (which later grew into a number of stores) through the rest of his grade-school years and through high school and college. In addition, Jay ran a parking lot during high school and was busy in extra-curricular activities—debating teams, yearbook, school paper, and dramatics: "I tried out for the junior class play because I was interested in the girl who was playing the lead. I got a character part. She fell for the leading man. I didn't get her—but I got the acting bug."

Upon high-school graduation, Jay won a scholarship to the University of Chicago, where he got his B.S. degree in political science in three years' time. During this period, he was captain of the debate team and drum-major of the band, won the mile run and a medal for being "the outstanding R.O.T.C. cadet of the year"—and played the clarinet—but was finding out more and more that what he was enjoying most was acting in plays. Thus, the summer before college graduation, he joined the apprentice group of the Berkshire Playhouse in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, returned to it the summer after graduation and then stayed in the East to study acting.

He was studying with well-known theater director Bobby Lewis when World War II broke. Holding a second lieutenant's rank with the O.R.C., Jay was transferred to the Signal Corps and was assigned to the photographic center in Long Island City. Jay is proud of the fact that, during the six years he spent at the Army center, he produced or directed one hundred and eleven training films, one of which has won an international award. He started out as an assistant director and rose to executive producer, with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Jay has maintained his interest in film making since leaving active service. Now with the Reserves, he teaches a film projectionist course for servicemen each week at the U.S.A.R. School in Manhattan. He also has his own company, Jaybar Films, Inc., and produced a documentary for the New York State Civil Defense Commission which is also in official use in other states.

For recreation, Jay likes best to read—he averages three books a week, mostly biographies—and to go to the theater and movies, with an actress for his date companion. "I prefer actresses because—let's face it—I'm absorbed in this acting business and I like to share the plays and movies with someone who can discuss them from a professional viewpoint. Besides, actresses are very fascinating women," say Jay.

With all this, Jay insists he has no "hobbies"—adding, logically enough, "I don't have time for any." But what would the average man, not so much in a hurry, call two scooters, five motorbikes, a half-dozen simultaneous careers—and dates with fascinating women?

Interview Subject: Mike Wallace

(*Continued from page* 27)

shot a criminal—and even believed that shooting a criminal sometimes saved the trouble of going into a trial. A foreign actress, commenting on the peculiar attitude of American men toward European women, told of a Hollywood producer making passes at her. An ex-heavyweight champion said he got satisfaction in hitting someone and drawing blood. A well-known radio personality noted that she had once considered alleviating her loneliness by having a baby out of wedlock.

When Mike Wallace was interviewing, the unexpected was usually expected. Alone with Mike, a guest opened up and talked from the heart. But when ex-gangster Mickey Cohen got on the show, the unexpected was truly unexpected. Mickey Cohen blasted several Los Angeles officials by name—and the officials immediately threatened suits against ABC and everyone else concerned. Some newspaper columnists hopped on Mike for permitting this to happen—but, at the same time, expressed the sincere hope that his "fearless" interviews would be allowed to continue. Most reviewers continued to describe the show as "adult and intelligent." Mike had already received the recognition of the radio-TV industry by getting New York Emmy Awards for the "Most Outstanding Live Local Program" and "Most Outstanding Male Personality."

But, when Mike Wallace asks questions, it's a case of major surgery—and the patient has no anesthetic. Mike probes deep. He asked pointblank of Sloan Simpson, ex-wife of William O'Dwyer, "Why did you walk out on your marriage?" Of society columnist Igor Cassini, "How many times have you been punched in the nose?" Of a movie starlet, "Does a girl have to barter her morals to get ahead in Hollywood?" Of Abe Burrows, "Why did you go into psychoanalysis?" Of Elsa Maxwell, "You don't believe in fidelity in marriage?" Of Mr. John, famed millinery designer, "Is there a preponderance of effeminate men in the fashion industry?" Of union leader Mike Quill, "Are you a religious man?"

Mike Quill seemingly blew his top over that last question, and called Mike Wallace a "first-class Peeping Tom." But Mike Quill was the exception. Elsa Maxwell said that she didn't resent the questions and, actually, enjoyed herself. Mary Margaret McBride found Mike charming. Abe Burrows took it with a grin and chuckled. Jack Gould, of *The New York Times,* said of Mike: "He has an adult curiosity that is an essential to reporting; most of all, he is not a wise guy." Bennett Cerf, another guest on the show, reported in *The Saturday Review of Literature*: "Mike needles guests into revealing what really makes them tick—and who are their pet hates. This show belongs on a coast-to-coast hook-up."

Mike himself originally had his doubts about doing the show nationally. "I thought the show has been 'oversold,'" he recalls. "Maybe one out of five interviews was really exciting. Locally, we did eight half-hour interviews a week. If we fumbled, we had a chance to get the ball back. On network, we could do only one interview a week. And then there was the question of freedom of subjects and questions. In New York, we presumed that we were talking for a late-night, adult audience." ABC reassured Mike, who says, "I was told that I could ask any question within the bounds of good taste. My contract is for fifty-two weeks in prime time. That means the show must go on for a full year, one night of each week, between seven-thirty

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and ten-thirty." And Mike got a basic guarantee of $100,000 for the year.

The kind of man who gets people talking more frankly than they would to their own diaries is medium-tall, dark and deadpan. Mike has black eyes, black hair, and an exceptionally fine voice. He is thirty-nine. Mike has an innate curiosity about others. He wants to know their philosophy, their work—most of all, their convictions. Guests coming on the show expecting to be frightened find themselves responding to Mike's genuine interest. Unexpectedly, they are "alone" with him—for the interview is conducted in an atmosphere as intimate as a living room with one dim lamp. The studio is darkened, quiet, almost cozy. If a guest shows up with friends or husband or wife, these remain outside. Mike doesn't want the distraction of a laugh, a creaking chair, a whisper or a sigh.

Just "alone with Mike" have been several hundred personalities, such as Victor Riesel, Billie Holiday, Kim Hunter, Chester Bowles. Harry Belafonte announced on the show that he would not sing in the South until desegregation was an accomplished fact—Mike asked if this in itself wasn't some kind of discrimination, and Belafonte thought maybe so.

Mike asked long-popular comedian George Jessel if he hadn't been a flop on television—and George said the rating people didn't know what they were talking about. He asked restaurant-owner Shor, "Toots, why do people call you a slob?"—and Toots came back: "Me? Jiminy crickets, they must have been talking about Jackie Gleason." (Jackie, one of Toots's best friends, didn't sue.)

Judging from some of the results, it might seem that people go on the show at the point of a gun. This is not so. Many guests volunteer—actors, entertainers, lecturers, novelists want publicity. But many of these volunteers are turned down. About two-thirds of the guests are invited on. Most accept. Those who have nixed the show so far include Errol Flynn, Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead, Vincent Lopez. In general, their attitude is—"Who needs it?"

Guests are never paid—although, for the network show, travel expenses are met for those who must come into New York. No one is brought on to be exploited and embarrassed. There are "ground rules," and one of them is to ask the guest beforehand, "Is there anything you don't want to talk about?" Gloria Swanson was asked expressly if she'd mind discussing her divorces. "How could I?" she asked. "It's public knowledge that I've been married five times." Even so, Mike is careful not to ask for personal details. "On divorces, for example," he points out, "I would not ask specific questions. I don't want to embarrass anyone. I want the divorcee's ideas on what causes incompatibility, but I don't want to dig up the past."

The guests' answers are ad-lib, but the questions are prepared in advance, and Mike is not wholly unprepared for the answers. Producer Ted Yates, who has worked with Mike since the inception of the show, may spend a day or so with a scheduled guest. The show also has a writer who may take on this chore. During this preliminary interview, they get a good idea of what the guest's attitudes on various matters will be. Twenty or so questions are prepared. Mike gets a kind of brochure from his staff. If the guest is a writer, Mike will read one or more of his books. If it's a legislator, Mike goes to the *Congressional Record* to read the guest's speeches. Mike meets the guest before the show, but there is no rehearsal. However, when Mike sits down for the interview, he has been fairly well briefed on his guest.

Prepared questions or no, it is Mike's responsibility to get his guests to talk. Usually, he accomplishes this through his own obvious sincerity and interest. Sometimes he has to use unorthodox methods. But it works both ways: Guests are never sure of what Mike will ask them, and Mike can never depend on a guest to do the expected. When Mike Quill blew up and called Mike Wallace a "first-class Peeping Tom," it was just his way of putting on a good show—according to Mike W., on the way out of the studio, Mike Q. grinned at Mike W. and said, "I just thought I'd keep things lively for you."

Speaking of subjects who have done the unexpected, there was the gal writer who came into the studio, and asked the make-up man to make her eyes look sexy—yet, when Mike later noted that her prose was overladen with sex, she got angry. And there was the memorable night that sports-columnist Jimmy Cannon snapped back with what appeared to be simply righteous indignation. Mike asked, "Why have you never married?" Jimmy stiffened and said, "I'll answer that question, Mike, if you'll tell me why you've been married three times." Actually, Jimmy was expressing what most viewers have felt all along—a curiosity about the private life of the man who asked the questions.

To begin with, Mike was born Myron Wallace, May 9, 1918, in Boston. He was the youngest of four children. The family lived in the suburb of Brookline. His father was a wholesale grocer and then, in his later years, an insurance broker. The home was happy but disciplined. Mike recalls that, until he was a senior in high school, he had to be in bed by nine. But such restrictions didn't keep him from an active life. He was on the debating team and captain of the tennis team. He played violin in the school orchestra and worked on the school paper. He made good grades and won the confidence of his teachers. But it is his parents that he credits for his strong ideals.

"My parents were dedicated to an honest life," he says. "My father was the finest man I've ever known. He was wholly honest. He was so respected in the community that when he died—in summer—although half of the congregation were out of town on vacation, they came back to the city for his funeral."

Mike's father had hoped that Mike would aim high. When Mike went to the University of Michigan, it was with the intention of preparing for law school or getting a degree to teach English. But there was a campus radio station and Mike couldn't stay away from it. In his junior year, he consulted with an uncle who was head of the Economics Department at Ann Arbor. The uncle encouraged Mike to switch over to a speech major.

After graduation, in 1939, Mike went to work for a small Grand Rapids station. "I was to make very good money in radio," he says, "but I think I felt trapped by it. I liked being successful, at first, but I wasn't satisfied. I wasn't fulfilled."

His first job paid twenty dollars a week. By the end of 1939, he was making seventy. In 1941, he was earning two hundred a week at WXYZ in Detroit and narrating *The Lone Ranger*. Later that year, he had a further boost in income when he tried out in a competitive audition in Chicago and was hired as announcer for the serial, *The Road Of Life*. "Yet it always disturbed me that I was just reading other people's words," he recalls. "It didn't seem much of an accomplishment."

A year after he arrived in Chicago, he got a chance to do something worthwhile as newscaster on the "Air Edition" of the Chicago *Sun-Times*. Mike himself wrote the news and went after some of the stories. For the first time, he was beginning to get a sense of fulfillment. Then his career was interrupted by World War II. He served three years in the Navy and got out with the rank of lieutenant, junior grade. He returned to radio in Chicago and proved himself to be the most successful announcer in the city. He was called "Mr. Radio."

When Mike was persuaded to come to New York in 1951, he continued to try building shows of substance. For CBS-TV, he formulated *Adventure* and *All Around The Town*. For CBS Radio, he initiated the program, *Stage Struck*, a series of backstage interviews. He was chosen by NBC to co-host *Weekday* with Margaret Truman and, later, Virginia Graham. Last year, while emceeing the network quiz, *The Big Surprise*, he developed *Night Beat* and a news show with Ted Yates and WABD station manager Ted Cott. Even Mike's news shows were different. He didn't sit still and read reports. He moved about the studio, illustrating a story with pictures, graphs, exhibits. He made special reports on unsolved murders, commuter problems, the Puerto Rican insurgence. The news show was dynamic. He practiced his unique interview technique on *Night Beat*.

That brings his professional career up to the present. But, during those years, he was also having a private life. Girls didn't come into Mike's life until he got to college. His campus sweetheart, Norma Kaphan, was to become his first wife. She was still a junior when they married. The wedding was on August 27, 1940. Mike's only children, two boys, were born during this marriage, which ended in divorce in 1947. In 1949, Mike married Buff Cobb, actress and granddaughter of famed humorist Irwin S. Cobb. That marriage ended early in 1955. In July of that same year, he married Lorraine Perigord. February of that year, he had met her at San Juan in Puerto Rico, where Mike had gone to emcee a March of Dimes dinner-dance. Lorraine was operating an art gallery there. A month later, Mike took a two-week vacation in Puerto Rico and Haiti. In May, Lorraine came to New York for a visit—and the wedding date was set. It was that quick.

"Lorraine," says Mike, "is warm, serene, tolerant, beautiful and talented." She is a dark blonde, five-five, and has two children by her first marriage who were living with her in Puerto Rico when Mike met her. She had spent most of her life in California, for her father, Dr. Paul Perigord, was a professor and dean at U.C.L.A., as well as one of the founders of the California Institute of Technology and the Pasadena Playhouse. Lorraine is an artist. Like Mike, she is well-read and thoughtful.

They live outside Manhattan at Sneden's Landing. Their home, a 100-year-old Dutch Colonial house which overlooks the Hudson River, is furnished informally. Floors are bare, with occasional rugs, and the furniture itself is "mongrel," picked up secondhand and worked over.

"I am a square about small talk, night clubs, martinis and dancing," Mike says. "My spare time is spent at home, reading and talking. Lorraine and I are walkers. We walk and talk endlessly." And Mike further notes, "This marriage will last."

That is not just an emotional footnote, for Mike does to himself what he does to others in interviews—asks himself the whys and wherefores and how-comes. He was not at all reluctant in answering the following specific questions about his personal problems:

Question: What caused your divorces?

Mike: I won't go into details—just as I wouldn't expect anyone I was interviewing to do so—but I can answer the question. First, let me make clear that my marriages weren't hit-and-run affairs. My first lasted seven years. The second, six years. I think it was mainly a matter of growing away from each other. As we grew, we found that each had opposing goals, different interests. Now I am thirty-nine and Lorraine is thirty-six. We have both passed our formative years. We respect each other for what we will be the rest of our lives. We have maturity and tolerance and understanding. Of course, I'm easier to get along with, too.

Question: That brings up another matter—do you lose your temper with people at the studio or at home?

Mike: I don't lose my temper now. In the past, I have been hard to get along with. I have been intolerant of others. Intolerant of dull people—and by that I mean people who lack quickness. I don't like time-wasting. I used to go after the mistakes of others.

Question: You have asked others about their attitude on fidelity and the "double standard." What is your own stand?

Mike: I don't believe in the double standard, for I believe that both husband and wife should practice fidelity. I'm a moral man and definitely believe in self-discipline. I can't put up with people who have no self-control. I can't put up with boozers.

Question: The charge is made that you, as an interviewer, are preoccupied with questions about sex.

Mike: That's not true. Maybe ten percent of all the interviewing hits at sex. We do ask questions about sex, religion and politics; for people are never as fully awakened as when they discuss those three subjects. I wouldn't ask a man about what he eats for breakfast or what he wears on Saturday, for he doesn't think about those things. He has no provocative ideas on those subjects. We want *depth* on the show. But I do take responsibility for what is asked. The show reflects my tastes.

Question: What is your own appraisal of your interviews?

Mike: Some call the show "TV journalism" or "interviews-in-depth." They both sound too fancy. For me, the show represents a ventilation of ideas. On a good show—the best ones—we accomplish two things: Go to the core of the person, and get a full discussion of his subject. We don't take sides. We don't put the lid on. We want to leave the audience thinking. The audience should find it necessary to make up its own mind.

Question: It would seem that you are pioneering in broadcasting, in that you will make it possible for other men and other programs to discuss controversial subjects that were once considered taboo on the air.

Mike: I didn't start out to pioneer. I'm just not that kind of fellow. We started out to make the show interesting—but I would now agree that it is "pioneering."

Question: What is your goal?

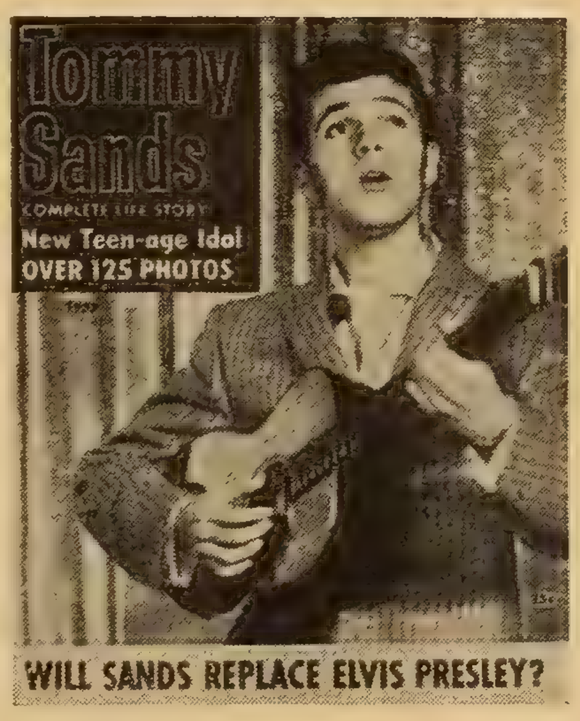
Mike: I said that, early in my career in radio, although I was successful, I felt trapped by money. I was unhappy. I wasn't fulfilled. I wanted something to think about. I wanted to accomplish something I could be proud of. I think we are accomplishing something with the interviews.

Question: And what about the charge that you are sensational?

Mike: We never intend to be. We want to be exciting. If we were sensational—that's something I could not be proud of.

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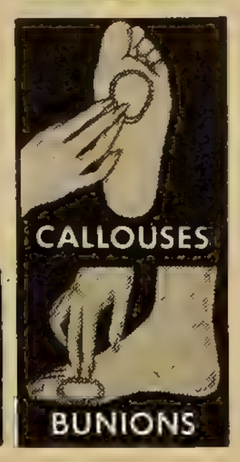
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Mineo's Really Moving

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Oh, who's the star?" Maxin asked her.

"Sal Mineo, of course," said Mary, and effervesced with adjectives to describe Sal's portrayal of the lonely, mixed-up kid whom James Dean tried to befriend in "Rebel Without a Cause."

Her enthusiasm fell on receptive ears, for Arnold Maxin is Epic Records' artists-and-repertoire man in the popular music field. Although Maxin had forgotten that Sal, in his first Broadway role as the little crown prince in "The King and I," had piped a pleasing boy-soprano to Yul Brynner's baritone, Maxin was interested. "I had seen Sal in a television show a short time before," he says. "Since singing isn't too much different from acting, I felt sure that this vital teen-age personality could project a song."

Acting on his hunch, he telephoned Sal the next day to ask if he would like to record. Sal—who had been finding his rhythmic expression in playing drums, rather than vocalizing—was candid. "I'd like to, but I don't know if I can. I haven't sung since my voice changed."

Hollywood contract obligations were a further impediment. They didn't even have time to make a test before Sal had to leave New York to make "Dino" and "The Young Don't Cry." He would be gone for months. But Maxin was willing to wait. "I wanted to find material which would suit both of us."

Sal's own particular secret of success is one instilled by his mother, Josephine—Mrs. Salvatore Mineo, Sr.—who long ago laid down the precept: "When you want something, study it, learn about it, be ready. Don't depend on luck."

On his return last spring, Epic provided him with two coaches. Fred Steele was his vocal coach and Otis Blackwell took charge of style training. The result amazed even Arnold Maxin: "You'd have thought he had been singing all his life. This boy is a professional in everything he does. Here he was, making his first recording, and it was as relaxed and easy a session as I have ever cut. We completed the rock 'n' roll side, 'Start Movin' (in My Direction),' in four takes. We did the recitation side, 'Love Affair,' in just two takes—once for balance and once for recording. That's phenomenal in the music business."

The platter's reception, too, was phenomenal. Sal introduced it in the *Kraft Television Theater* play, "Drummer Boy," on May 1. (This also was Sal's first romantic role.) When Sal and Maxin went out on tour to meet fans and disc jockeys, there were 3,000 young people at the Boston airport. In Cleveland, when Sal flew in to appear on Bill Randle's program, the special police detail was not large enough to hold back the crowds. Girls screamed, "Sal, I love you!" and wept when they could not fight their way to touch him.

Detroit was pure pandemonium. Sal was scheduled to appear on *Bobbin' With Robin,* Robin Seymour's remote telecast from Edgewater Park. The twenty-five police who were on duty had to send for reinforcements. The exuberant, moving crowd of teenagers jostled the temporary TV equipment and knocked the television station off the air at least twice. In the commotion, Sal nearly missed the broadcast. "We parked the car only eight feet from the audio control booth," says Maxin, "but the kids hemmed us in. It was thirty minutes before we could get Sal out of the car."

What does Sal think of such a reception? Like any teenager, he's thrilled: "Man, I couldn't quite believe it." He's also worried: "What if someone should get hurt?" He's deeply appreciative, too: "Where would I be without the kids?"

Such receptions helped head his record toward the best-seller classification instantly. Within three weeks of release, the kids had bought a half million of them. Epic expects total sales to reach two million.

The success of the recording is particularly important to Sal at the present time, for—through this record, plus a new album which is to be issued, and disc jockey interviews—he can stay in touch with friends while allowing himself the luxury of the most "private" private life he has had in the more recent of his eighteen years.

This year, Sal Mineo, actor, is to be replaced, at least partially, by Sal Mineo, student. Sal is going to college.

He will take a liberal arts course, majoring in English, at Adelphi College on Long Island. When he speaks of it, you understand that this is a realization of a dream, for Sal, who can be both the most deadpan and the most expressive of kids, lights that fire back of his eyes which fans wait to see flare up on the movie screen.

He already knows the school. "My brother Vic went there. He liked it and I do, too." It's a small school and this, to Sal, is most important. "I'll get to know all of the kids real quick. They'll get used to me, too. I'll be off the celebrity kick and just one of the gang. I can go to parties and clubs and have some fun."

You understand, as he speaks, that the lack of fun—the ordinary sort of thing kids do after school and in class—is the price Sal has paid for his fabulous success. "High school was just work. I had a tutor and I studied and I passed my exams, and that was all there was to it."

His liberal arts major will give him further training in fields where he already has developed an interest. He's a bit of an artist and has taught himself to paint. On the walls of his bedroom hang the copy he made of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and an original of his beloved boxer dog, "Bimbo." His mother mourns the loss of the portrait he did of James Dean: "Some magazine borrowed it and didn't send it back." His sister Sarina cherishes his head of Tony Curtis: "No one can get that away from me." Sal's style, while still a bit stiff and untrained, does show strength and perception. If he ever chooses to study portraiture, he could well become as fine a professional in this field as he is in acting.

He is more interested in English. He has done some writing—"but not to show anyone," by his modest description. Yet, in the next breath, he admits that his urge to write already is sufficiently strong to have come out into the open. "I wasn't quite satisfied with the original ending of 'Dino,' so one night I wrote three different endings of my own." None was used, but Sal's professionalism as an actor mitigates his disappointment. "The producer liked all of them, but there was just so much budget, so that was that."

He learned the problems of a writer when a magazine asked for an autobiography: "It's hard to write about yourself. I just wanted to do a story about a boy who gets into show business. I wanted to do it third person, and then at the end say, "And, by the way, his name happened to be Sal Mineo." But the editor said that wasn't being fair with

the readers—that it was a freshman-theme device. So I had to do it over. And I really labored. How can you tell all about yourself in 4,000 words? If you leave out something, then it isn't true."

Sal cites one of Adelphi's strongest attractions when he says, "I'll be able to drive home every night." Home, next fall, will be a fine new house in Westchester. which is now under construction. Home at present, is a three-storey dwelling on a block-long street in a remote section of the Bronx which no out-of-towner would ever believe was part of the City of New York. The opposite side of the street is lined with comparable comfortable, middle-income houses, but there are open fields at the side and rear, and not very far away is the river which also has provided recreation for the four young Mineos. They swim. They have a boat. They enjoy being together.

Perhaps their very closeness has given Sal the perspective and sympathy which enables him to play lonely, troubled-kid roles in pictures. If the "Life of Sal Mineo" ever becomes a screenplay, the script writer will find a wealth of warm, family feeling and one of those stories which again reveals America as a land of opportunity for those who make it so.

It began when Salvatore Mineo, Sr., came from Sicily at the age of sixteen and met in New York a young beauty of Neapolitan descent who wouldn't even go out with him until he learned to speak English. Salvatore learned both a new language and a new trade. In Sicily, he had carved miniature animals from ivory. In America, he did odd jobs until his Josephine suggested he become a cabinet-maker. After their marriage, he became a foreman at the Bronx Casket Company.

Sal is proud of the way his father started his own business. "It was my mother who really made him. She said, 'Here you are, working like a dog for others. You should be working for yourself and your children.'" Friends put up the money to back him and the Mineo family now owns the Universal Casket Company. Everyone helped build it to prosperity.

Josephine was the bookkeeper. Mike, now 20, and Victor, now 19, first worked in the factory and, when they were old enough, replaced their mother in the office. Sal's contribution was baby-sitting with little Sarina: "I did everything from feeding her to telling her good-night stories. I earned a salary of fifty cents a week. When I got paid, I'd go down to the candy store and get some soda, ice cream and jelly beans. Then I'd go home and we'd have a party, Sarina and I, and our two cats, Smoky and Tiger."

Even in those days, when all earnings "had to go back into the business," the elder Mineo managed to treat all three of their sons equally. When one wanted a bike, all three got bikes. Today, it is automobiles. Sal is proud of the fact that he didn't buy his new Thunderbird—his family gave it to him.

"We each get a new car when we turn eighteen," Sal explains. "I was home on my birthday, January 10, when the car was delivered, but I had only a few hours to drive it before I had to fly back to Hollywood. So there I was, driving my old jalopy when I had a Thunderbird sitting in the garage at home in New York."

Another family tradition is expressed in rings. Sarina, the latest to acquire one, explains, "My mother gave my father a snake ring years ago. It was lucky for him, so now we each get one." Where the first was an inexpensive novelty item, the rings are now hand-made to Mrs. Mineo's order.

Sal's career, too, has been jointly shared. He was eleven years old and in dancing class when, from a crowd of fifteen boys, Broadway producer Cheryl Crawford chose him to appear in Tennessee Williams' play, "The Rose Tattoo," because "he looked Italian."

Next came the crown prince part in "The King and I." He made his first movie in Boston, portraying Tony Curtis as a boy, in "Six Bridges to Cross." Hollywood came next and led up to his being nominated for the Academy Award for his role in "Rebel Without a Cause." From then on, top credits have come fast, but they have never been quite complete. For accuracy, they should have read: "Sal Mineo, backed up by all the Mineos."

When they were first making the rounds of casting directors, Mrs. Mineo set the direction. She didn't want Sal to grow up to be a show-business brat. Her antidote for a prematurely swelled head was to keep the family together. "If Sal was with his brothers," she says, "he couldn't help realize he was no better than the rest of them. When problems came up, we'd all sit down around the dining-room table and thresh them out, no holds barred. Sometimes we'd sit up until two o'clock in the morning, just talking."

In the present division of labor, Mike is in charge of the West Coast activities and Victor of the East Coast, with Mrs. Mineo providing the capable direction: "What we didn't know about show business, we've learned together." His brothers, however, are not expected to be merely Sal's satellites. The Mineos believe, "A little education never hurts."

Mike is majoring in business education at U.C.L.A. and also has had bit parts in a few pictures. "Being around the lot with Sal," his mother says, "he was noticed and asked if he'd like to be in some crowd shots. He began to get the hang of things, so now he makes the rounds." He's had some small parts. She completely approves. "It's good for him to know what it is like to be in front of a camera."

Vic is majoring in business administration at New York University, but takes time off to accompany Sal on personal appearances. Sarina helps out in taking care of the fan mail, which runs to 3,000 letters a week. Two secretaries help out.

Sal Mineo, Sr. has first call, however, on the services of this capable crew. "We do things together," Sal says proudly. "but my father supports the family."

Sal has both a short-range and a long-range plan for the future. Along with his college work this fall, he has scheduled appearances on television shows. "That's one reason I chose Adelphi. It's so close to New York." Two pictures are now on the screens and Sal does not plan to do another this year, unless he gets a role he really wants. Twentieth Century-Fox has a script which he particularly likes, "The Hell-Bent Kid." He indicates that this, if offered to him, would tempt him away from the campus. However, he would like to get in as much study as he can before being called up for Army service.

His future sights are set on a Broadway role and on directing. In Sal's mind, one is a training for the other: "A live audience teaches you things. It is like studying, with them coaching you." He grows most eloquent about directing. "I admire a director because of what he can do. An actor sees only himself, but a director can take just a paper with lines on it and turn it into a show—something that is real and never existed before. I don't want to deal in—what shall I say?—a *made* article. I want to make something happen. Imagination is the most important thing."

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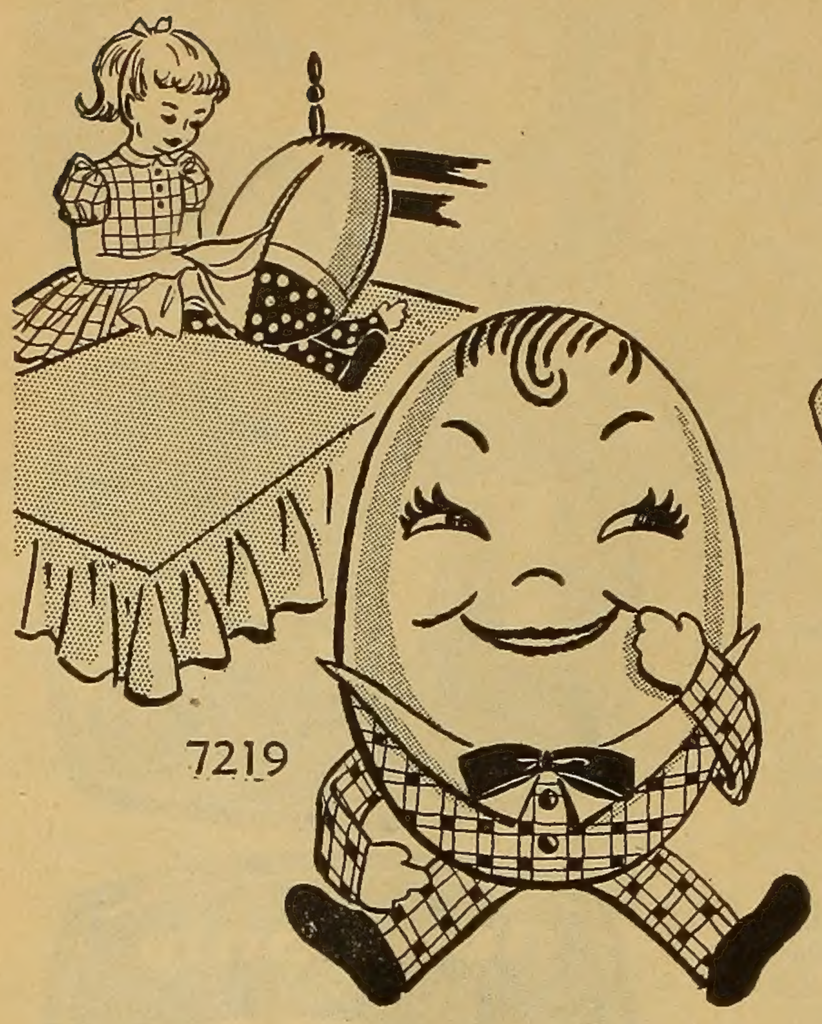
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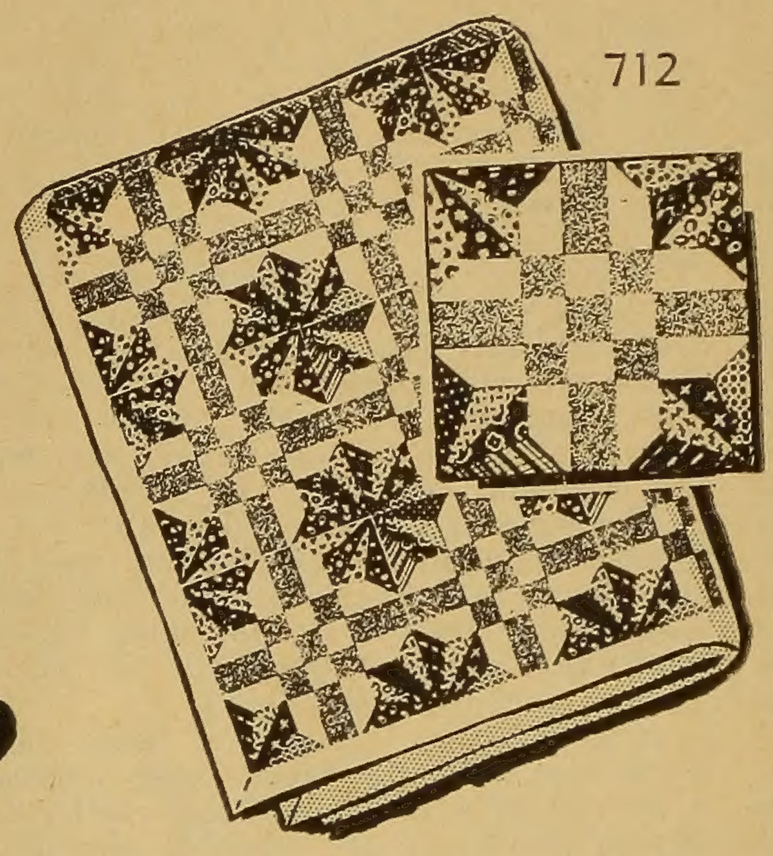
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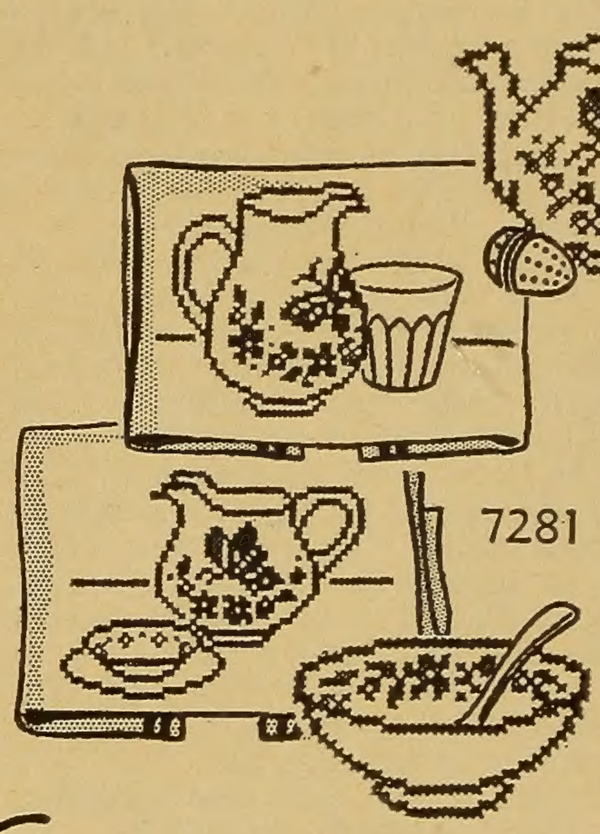
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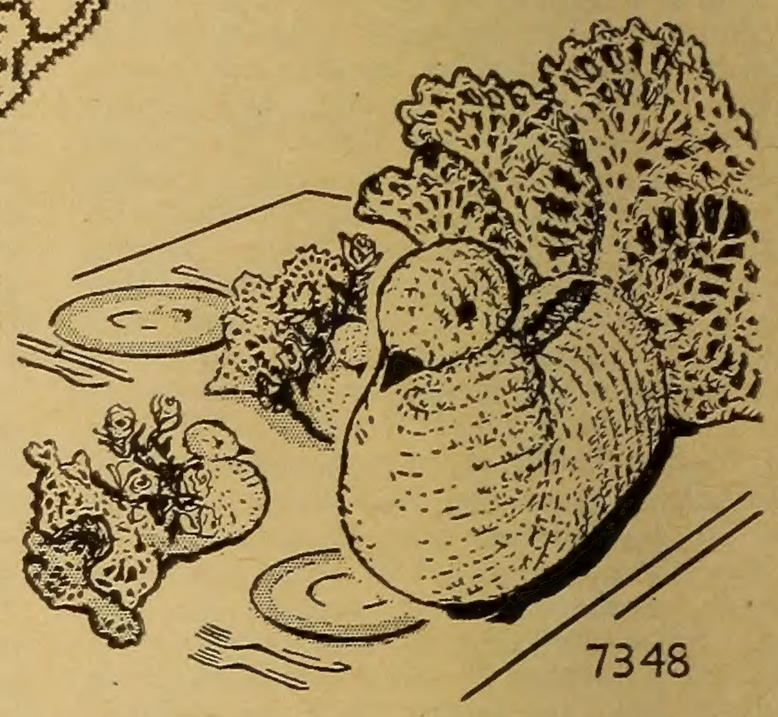
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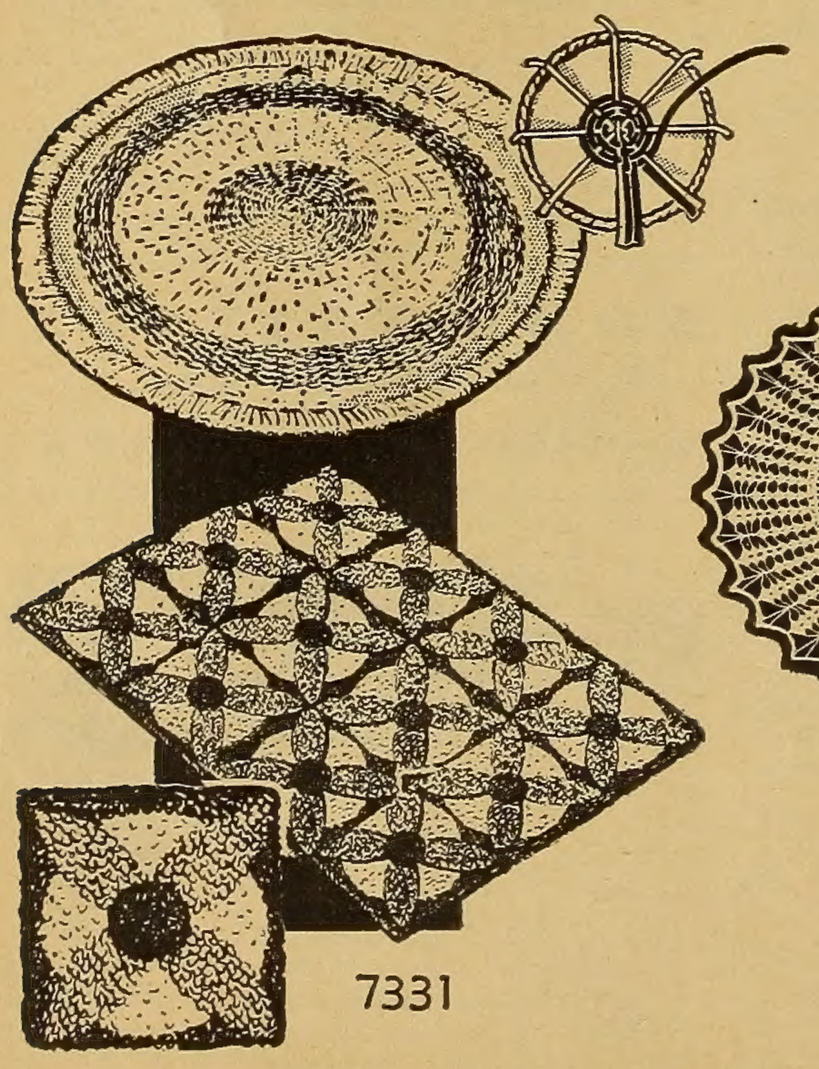
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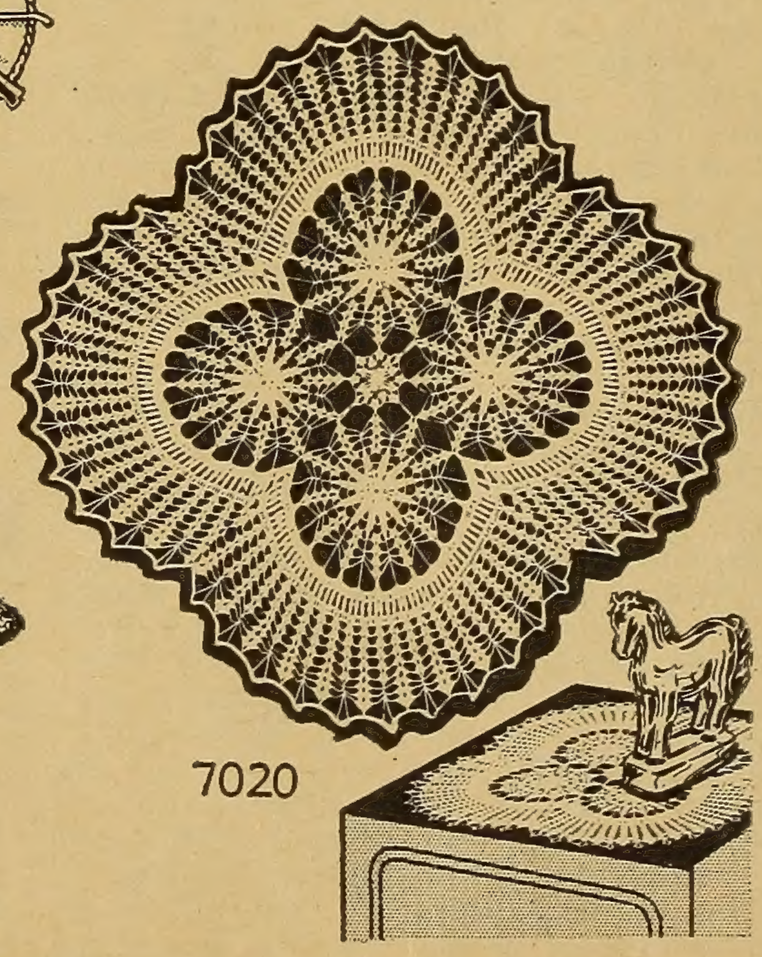
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